

The Saturday News

ALBERTA'S PROVINCIAL WEEKLY

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Note and Comment.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has returned to his post after representing the Dominion at the cent of the Empire in a manner which could not fail to arouse the admiration of every good Canadian. Even political opponents have joined in giving him the credit that is due, an exceptional incident in Canadian politics, which does much honor to those who so freely recognize the Premier's services as to Sir Wilfrid himself. Now that he is free to face with the grave problems facing him at Ottawa, people are looking for speedy developments of a sensational character. The rapidity with which he moved on his return from his last visit to Britain has led them to wait some early announcements of great interest. A week before his last arrival, Mr. Tarte was going up and down the country posing as the exponent of a new Liberal policy. Two weeks afterwards he had to all intents and purposes passed into political history. In everyday language, he was a "has been," a "down-and-out," an "also-ran." Since the day that his resignation was asked for, there has been no more newspaper talk about Sir Wilfrid being an attractive figure-head, controlled by "a master of the administration." The Premier is the master and always has been.

The Toronto Globe in referring to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's return quotes a tribute recently paid the Premier by T. J. O'Connor M.P., which concludes as follows:

"I dare not talk of the temptations that were open to a man in his position, for nothing could tempt him to desert by a hair's breadth from the straight path of perfect integrity, but everybody will know that a man who lives in a country growing from hour to hour with gleaming rapidity and size might easily become a multimillionaire if he so desired. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has remained the man with modest tastes, a modest home, a modest income. He has preferred in life the greater and purer glory of serving his country and his countrymen, with no other reward than the modest remuneration of his Ministerial salary and the innumerable extent of their affection and respect."

As is well known, not all of Sir Wilfrid's associates in the Liberal party have been content with serving their country but have used their opportunities to enrich themselves. It is this fact which gives Mr. O'Connor's words particular significance. If the Premier had, when he formed his cabinet, been a poor man and had become, eleven years later, a millionaire, would he have enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the Canadian people as he does at present? It is true that he might have been wealthy, without actually taking money from the treasury. All he would have needed to do was to use his position as that to be placed in the way of making money on the outside. This is what some of his colleagues have undoubtedly done. They could be denounced as corrupt, but they certainly have shown themselves to be lacking in that high sense of honor, which we look for in a public man, and which has been shown by all who have attained to positions of real greatness on the political stage. It shouldn't be necessary for a man on entering public life to impoverish himself, but it is fatal to his career if through it he attains affluence, which apart from it, it is recognized, would never have come to him.

Sir Wilfrid's predecessor in the leadership of the Liberal party, Hon. Edward Blake, has decided to resign the seat in the Imperial Parliament, which he has held for fifteen years past and will return to Toronto to make his home. Mr. Blake suffered a partial stroke of paralysis some years ago and this, with advancing years, has led to his withdrawal. The movement has a mechanical interest. Canada never produced a public man of more genuine ability than Mr. Blake. He lacked many of the arts which go to make the successful politician, standing out

in strong contradistinction to this respect to his great opponent, Sir John A. Macdonald. But in the solid qualities of statesmanship he had no superior and it was a national misfortune when events took such a turn that we were deprived of his services. In the British House of Commons he was a forlorn figure, distinctly out of his element, and never rose to the place there that under other circumstances would have been his.

It is announced that Mr. Gordon is to make a tour of the Dominion, first visiting Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario under armed, from Sept. 21 to Oct. 1 he will be in British Columbia, from October 2nd to 10th in Alberta, from October 12th to 18th in Saskatchewan, and from October 21st to 28th in Manitoba. This must mean that the rumors of party reorganization before the general election are incorrect. Unless it was intended that Mr. Gordon should lead the forces in the next campaign, he would never make such a trip as this, the most extended speaking tour ever undertaken by a Canadian public man.

It is very much to be doubted if the Conservative leader, who and sincere as he is, will be able to accomplish much by his long journey. What Conservatism needs just at present is a concentration, at which the members can devote what the party stands for. For several years back, it has been so hopelessly divided on all great issues that it is practically impossible to determine what its general policy is. The administration has left many legacies for serious critics as Mr. Gordon and he may be depended upon to make the most of his opportunities. But beneath something more than this. Before he can successfully appeal to the country it is necessary for him to offer a constructive programme of his own.

Among the rumors about in Dominion politics just at present is that Henri Bourassa will retire to enter the Quebec provincial field. It is difficult to credit it, for the objects which Mr. Bourassa is endeavoring to advance are not of a political nature and in the local House he would find nothing like the scope that he now has at Ottawa. He occupies a distinct and useful place in public life, quite apart from his strongly Nationalist views. He has a firm hold upon his constituents, his majority at each election becoming larger, a fact which should afford guidance to certain public men who claim that they do not wish to adhere too closely to their party but who state that outside the party ranks, it is impossible to have a political career.



THE MINGLING OF THE NEW AND THE OLD

If you wish to witness unusual sights, come to Edmonton. Here we have all that goes to make up a bustling, modern city, but then there when it was merely a fur-trading post are still so short a distance off that there are many remnants of the old life. On Saturday afternoon behind Duncan Bros. & Butters' store, formerly McCougall & Seward's, there was a scene which proved of intense interest to hundreds of newcomers and served to call up many memories to old-timers. It was nothing more nor less than an old-time Indian bazaar. The Sioux Indians recently received treaty money and made the occasion of a visit to Edmonton. They were fairly strong, accompanied by their squaws and headed by Big Dan, their chief. The custom is to make a present to the trader with whom they do business, and Mr. Butters was presented with the pole shown in the above picture, on which are twenty one-dollar bills. In return they received various commodities, much prized by them, from the store. The dances with the vigorous whirling which accompanied them, were attracted a large crowd.

Another report is that Hon. William Patterson will retire. Let us hope that it is not correct. Many in the Liberal ranks have found fault with Mr. Patterson as a man of little weight. When the inner history of the Liberal party comes to be written, it will be seen how ill-informed those who say this are. Mr. Patterson is not a spectacular politician, but there is no one in public life whose opinion is of more value or who is listened to with greater respect. As an administrator, he has hardly had an equal at Ottawa since confederation. It is not always the hand-wringing, empty minister who gets the credit that is due them. Mr. Patterson does not advertise himself and the result is that few know what he has accomplished. We seldom hear about the work of the customs department; we have heard a great deal about the post office. To read about the latter in the *Western* papers, one would think its record an incomparable one. As a matter of fact there is no branch of the public service that has so signally failed to keep up with the growth of the country.

The past week has been one of disaster. On Sunday morning the steamer *Columbia* and the steamer *Imperial* sank near San Pedro, off the coast of Mexico. The *Imperial* sank in Shelter Cove, about 250 miles north of San Francisco and over a hundred lives were lost.

Thirty-one were killed in a wreck on the Pere Marquette railway in Michigan on Saturday. An excursion train containing the employees of the railway shops at Lima and their families, collided with a freight, while running fifty miles an hour. Neglect to follow orders on the part of the passenger train crew was responsible.

Victoria had a quarter million dollar fire, which originated at the Dominion Hotel, a well-known hotel.

Ottawa was threatened with destruction, through another fire in the lumber district, the Edwards company losing \$300,000.

London, Ontario, suffered from another disaster, eight or nine lives being lost through the collapse of a business block, known as Crystal Hall. No city in Canada has a more unfortunate record during the past quarter of a century. Ten years ago this coming Christmas, a similar accident to that of last week, in which the floor of the city hall collapsed at a political meeting, involved thirty lives. In the eighteen years two hundred were drowned in the "Victoria" disaster and several were in London West through the over flowing of the river banks.

It is expected that the Haywood trial will conclude on Saturday night.

Inquisitorial addresses in the prisoner's defense have been made this week by his counsel. If Orchard's story, so far as it implicates the labor leaders, is true, he is a most remarkable criminal. If it is not true, and he committed the crimes, as Haywood's counsel say he did, for the sake of the notoriety that he would obtain, he is simply a human monstrosity.

General Manager Morse of the G.T.P. paid a visit to Edmonton this week. Where a year ago he stated with confidence that the steel would reach the city by August 1st, when asked the other day whether it would be here by the autumn of 1908, he replied that he did not know. Railway builders should take a lesson out of the book of military leaders. Sir Redvers Bullard, when he started out on his South African campaign in the fall of 1899, and he would eat his Christmas dinner in Pretoria. But there were obstacles in the way and he was lucky to reach the Boer capital by Christmas of the following year. There is a couplet which runs:

"Let him not boast who puts his armor on
As he who takes it off the battle won."

However, let it come soon or late, the G.T.P. will be heartily welcomed by the citizens.

The Winnipeg Telegram has a drawing representing a gentleman from rural parts visiting the fair and bazaar at "Fence Rules" from Patoka, Ill. The Telegram cartoon has evidently never seen an Alton farmer. The majority of the people living in rural parts of this province are quite unable to find their way about even so progressive a city as Winnipeg, and a few moments' conversation with the average man among them will show that his information extends to other things besides farming. Oskosh, Spaulding, and other such creations of the alleged humorist have no counterparts hereabout.

The crop reports continue favorable and with a sunshiny August, Alberta should have a bumper crop, the best in the west. Manitoba has evidently an off year, the drought in the southern part of that province having a bad effect. Everything is coming along well in Saskatchewan but the increase in the average is considerably below that of Alberta. With the good prices that are being realized, a high harvest will mean a very large addition to the wealth of the province.

Mr. Hugh McKellar, the publicity commissioner of Moosejaw, and one of the best informed men in the west

regarding western problems, enters a strong plea in a letter to the *Farmers' Advocate* in support of Mr. Oliver's pre-emption measure, which was withdrawn last session but will be reintroduced next. He states most emphatically that under the system of farming followed in the prairie provinces, at least 320 acres is required and that the new settler is very much crippled by having to pay all the way up to \$200 an acre for land adjoining his homestead. The bill, introduced by the Minister of the Interior, will enable him to secure this additional land at \$7 an acre and will release him from the clutches of the speculator. The cogency of Mr. McKellar's argument is apparent. Settlement is undoubtedly being held back very seriously just at present as a result of the speculator's operations and it is because Hon. Mr. Oliver's measure will unpeck those that it is a net of good statesmanship.

Personalia

Commissioner Perry of the Royal North West Mounted Police, Regina, accompanied by his son, who is a student in the Engineering Department, McGill University, reached Edmonton on Saturday night and early on Monday morning set out for a trip across the mountains to Hazelton. The Commissioner is making the trip for the purpose of inspecting a great enterprise, on which members of the force under his command, have been engaged for some time past, the building of the trail to Dawson City. From Fort St. John he will follow it over into Northern British Columbia. The officers and men designated for the work left Fort Saskatchewan in March, 1906, reaching Fort St. John about the first of June. Last season about 90 miles of construction was done and this year, it is understood, excellent progress is being made. It proceeds by way of Fort Graham, the Finlay river and Sylvester's old trail to Teslin, Yukon Territory. The Rockies are traversed by way of the Laurier Pass, the summit of which is 10,000 miles from Fort St. John. Commissioner Perry and his party will go to Hazelton, on the Skeena river, and come out on the coast at Prince Rupert, returning to Regina by way of Vancouver.

The great interest which the Peace River country has aroused is shown by the large number who are passing through Edmonton each week, with the idea of seeing it for themselves. The inauguration of the regular steamship service from Athabasca Landing to the western end of Lesser Slave Lake facilitates travel to a very large extent and makes the journey a far from unpleasant one.

Dr. Locking, of the University of Heidelberg, Germany, went to the first of the week, for the purpose of investigating the country's resources in the interests of a German emigration society which has a capital of a million dollars. At Edmonton Dr. Callan was met by Mr. J. A. Stephens of Peace River, a member of the editorial staff of the *Alberta* emigration, who is just returning from the Peace River. Mr. Stephens has spent several months in some isolated and most unattractive localities in the future. As a result of his visit, we may expect many young readers of the *Youth's Companion* to throw in their lot with the great new land from which we all expect so much.

But the Peace River is attracting people by more than one's and two's. On Saturday a party of thirty-five young men left Edmonton for the new "North West," where they will locate near Dunsmuir on the property of the Peace River Colonization and Land Development Co. They are under the charge of Mr. H. H. Lampman, the Alberta manager of the company. It is expected that fifteen others will follow shortly. The party was drawn from all parts of the earth, England, Scotland, Germany, Michigan, Dakota, Minnesota, California, Idaho, Ohio, and Manitoba, with a liberal sprinkling of those who have made their home in Alberta for some years.

Mr. Wallace Finch, brother of Mr. Harry Finch, President Hotel, Edmonton, and Frank Bending, of the First National Bank, Philadelphia, have opened a store in the Yellowhead Pass for which purpose they left Edmonton on May 1st. They reached Tete Jaune Cache on June 9, and the store was opened for business on June 25th.

The extremely sudden death of Mr. Thomas A. Stephen at Looking Lake last Sunday removes one of the most honored and prominent of Edmonton's business men. He and Mr. George Gault were spending a holiday at the lake. Mr. Gault's attention was attracted by a man and on investigation, he found that Mr. Stephen had died. He was a man in the full prime of life and the news created a most profound shock. He first came to Edmonton some fifteen years ago in connection with the winding up of a private banking business. Previous to that, he had an extended experience in the service of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. As a general financial agent, he built up a very extensive and lucrative business in Edmonton on becoming a permanent resident. He had seen much of the world in a large variety of phases and wherever he went was welcomed as a most agreeable companion, while to those whose privilege it was to know him intimately he was a most valued friend. The late Mr. Stephen was a native of Coltingwood, where his father, Dr. Stephen, still lives and to which town his remains were conveyed for interment.

The venture of Mr. John Houston, the energetic British Columbian, who is endeavoring to establish the first newspaper in Prince Rupert, despite the fact that the G.T.P. authorities hardly think that the time is ripe for one there, is attracting much attention. The *Vancouver World* in a recent issue had the following personal note:

"Houston was a marvellous man, truly a wild westerner who you could not help but admire, the whole one wondered at his curious, erratic actions. Houston preceded Charlie Wilson as head of the Conservative Association of British Columbia. Charlie Wilson gave his leadership up to McBride at a most critical time in the fortunes of the Tory party in British Columbia and was content with the attorney-generalship when he could almost have claimed the premiership. John Houston was delegated to the rank and file at that period and he always thought he was not fairly treated. It is an open secret that he believed he was entitled to a cabinet position and that it would have been given to him."

(Continued on page 3)

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ROMANY.

The city frets in the distance, lass,
The city so grim and gay;
A glare in the sky by night, my lass,
And a blot on the sky by day;
But we are wed on the long white
road,
And under the wide free sky,
And the song that was born in my
heart to-day
Will sing there till I die.

The long white road and the wide
free sky,
And the city far away;
A good-night kiss in the twilight,
lass,
And a kiss at the break of day;
For light are the loads we bear, my
lass,
By highway and hill and grave,
And the sunlight is all for life, my
lass,
And the starlight all for love.
—Charles Hamilton Musgrove in
Lippincott's.

"Why," asks the Canadian Courier, that fine ambitious Canadian weekly, "are there not more Canadian books for girls?" There is no Canadian woman who has written a companion for "Little Women" or for "The Would Be Goods." Most small girls in this country are given most unhealthful feeding in the form known as "Elsie" books, trash of the poorest sort, which is likely to retard the development of a taste for better things. The most bewitching book ever written for small maidens was the work of a man, and a mathematical professor at that.

Whatever stories may come and go "Alice in Wonderland" (please and don't separate her from the Looking-Glass, twin sister to fascinating Wonderland) remains to charm succeeding generations of bright-eyed girls who find the doings of that upside-down land "curiouser and curiousest."

The Courier's query is well timed. And yet, it seems to me, it is not for any lack of talent on the part of Canadian women writers that no noteworthy books for Canadian girls have yet appeared on the literary horizon.

Who that has read any of Kit's reminiscences of her dear childhood's days in Ireland, could doubt her ability to evolve the most captivating stories for Canadian, or any other girls, for the matter of that. Who that has read Isabella MacKay's delightful book of verse, "Between the Lights," and many of her prose contributions and noted her rare whimsical charm, can question that "Jess and Me" as they would, could step into a story book and transport us into a new and undiscovered Wonderland.

"Jess," to let you into a secret, is Mrs. MacKay's sister, and at the time that the modest, thin, little book of verses appeared two Christmas ago, I dropped in for a word of appreciation with the gifted, young poetess.

I remember I was in a hurry at the time, but the book was so absolutely good, gave such evidence of the genius that animated the writer that I couldn't wait for a formal occasion to congratulate her, but hurried off on such a day as to-day, between showers to tell her of it.

Mrs. MacKay is modest, more than that is in love with her work, and so one thing led to another and presently we were talking of individual poems. Naturally Compliments came in for a word. The bit of verse is rather out of her usual style and I remember she was not just sure how it would take, "but I simply had to write it," she confided, "its all true and I've had it in mind to do for a very long time."

And then I heard of some of the things that "Jess and Me" used to do, which indeed had all the quaint coloring and home-like atmosphere of Louisa M. Alcott's ever-fascinating books.

Another woman too, I think of, who could, and I doubt not would, if she were urged, write any number of stories worthy to be placed beside any of the much-loved old favorites, is Sara Jeannette Duncan the Canadian authoress, of whom we are all so justly proud.

When Mrs. Cotter, (Sara Jeannette Duncan) was out west last year, I had the great pleasure of several chats with her, and knowing Bradford naturally the conversation turned on her book "The Imperialist" which has the pretty Ontario city, her old home, as its setting.

Mother Heggarriga, one of the characters of the book, alone (she was drawn from life) would make a book, while the various adventures of little Sara herself (she was by no means an Elsie child, in fact kept things pretty much on the move as I have heard from more than one who knew her), would rival those of any heroine of boy and girl romance. I believe she was a great leader out of her small brothers and sisters, and, as I write, I have a quiet laugh over one story which has to do with her packing one of the small members of the household in a bottom bureau drawer, while she who had been left in charge stole off to a circus. All of the women I have men-

tioned possess the gift, query, where to find a Canadian publisher?

There's the rub. Speaking of books for boys and girls I hope you've all read your "Sara Crewe." Queerly enough no one has ever mentioned the child in my presence in a score of years. And such a pity! There you have one of the dearest stories, one of the quaintest in child lore.

I am hardly old enough as yet to be approaching second childhood, and yet I find myself "wanting to go back" to them all—"Sweet William," the Alcott books, to Alice, Sara, the fairy tales, to "Once upon a time"—when we were not quite so smart as most of us imagine we are to-day, when there were really-ly little boys and girls who did queer funny little stunts but were still just simple children under it all—when Buster Browns were not, and Tom Sawyer was just putting to rest the whining, ranting, early-dying, anemic, creature, who had up to that time stood as the traditional model for a boy's book.

But now I must stop for this week, reluctantly, for boys and girls, both big and small, are very near my heart, and books for both old and young are a topic I could write on for ever.

"If I were a Millionaire" I would one day have a great bonfire and I would gather together all the Elsie books and all the other Tommy rot yarns and have them utterly consumed. In their place I would substitute first a diet of Beatrice Potter for very little kiddies, next Kipling, Louise Alcott, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Robert Louis Stevenson, Riley, Mark Twain, Oliver Herford, Lewis Carroll, Anderson, Isabella MacKay, Sara Jeannette Duncan, Kit—for then would these women and others have added their store to the general treasure—my philanthropy having made possible what business like publishers in Canada have never been able to accomplish.

How many Elk are required, to enable the gentlemen who put up the guarantee money for Elk Park, to be in the enclosure before the time specified by the Government is up? I ask the question out of idle curiosity; the several men who have volunteered information on the subject, being as usual, a bit general in their statements.

Some say thirty, some more. Assuming thirty to be the correct number, one of the keepers of the park says they already have more than half the number.

In any case in the early Autumn as soon as the first snow flies, there is to be a great Elk Drive, organized by the stalwart Liberal Whip, when any gentlemen who isn't nervous about a few hours (I believe there are only four in the Park, and the keeper doesn't mind if they are killed off), may first go in and count up what are there, and then join in the chase to drive the others in.

"If I were a Man" as Madame Alham writes in the current number of The Strand, I should ask nothing better than to join the expedition. I'd take my chances on its not being too unlike the "Last Great Hunt" organized by the C.P.R., not long since—when no one was hurt in the slightest—either wolves or men.

Anyone desiring to participate in the round-up should send in their names to either Mr. Walker or the society editors of the Saturday News.

Whenever the editor of this paper undertakes to become too unbecomingly critical of my modest efforts in the Mirror, I close the argument by asking for a ticket to Calgary.

In Calgary is a fine camaraderie and much, oh very much, more than one deserves—appreciation. Calgary and kindness then, and a splendid feeling of good fellowship have come to be synonymous terms with me. I have experienced it from them since ever I came west.

A few weeks since, Miss Merrill in a capital little weekly, called "The Prairie," which she edits in an exceedingly bright and catchy vein, tossed me a charming bouquet from down the line, for which indeed I thank her with all my heart, and return in kind, and with the added wish that her plucky efforts may receive what is their rightful due, a wide circulation, and all encouragement and appreciation.

And as for the Calgary correspondent of the Saturday News who did me a like favor last week, I bow my prettiest. I need hardly assure him that I am vain and bug my little compliments as the wee girl clasps her favorite dolly close, close,—they being like oasis in a desert far—so very far apart.

It is necessary to add, that his own clever efforts are not unappreciated north of the Saskatchewan?

(Continued on page 4)

J. Clancy, formerly accountant in the Bank of Montreal in Leithbridge, but latterly of Calgary, has been appointed manager of the Raymond branch.

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The Saturday News

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SATURDAY, JULY 27th

The Mirror

(Continued from page 3)
HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and con-

A Stander-By.

A social event of great interest was the marriage on July 17 of Miss Mary Northcote Belcher, eldest daughter of Major R. Belcher C.M.G., Lethbridge to Mr. Hugh Walde-mur Nesbit, manager of the Merchants Bank, Winnipeg, Man. The Lethbridge Herald points out that as the bride is the first of those born in the North West Mounted Police force to be married in it and is really the daughter of the regiment, the ceremony had a distinctive military air. A mounted escort accompanied the bride and groom to the church. The mounted cadets were a guard at the church while the members of "K" Division were inside guards. In the church decorations of bunting and flowers and the military colors predominated.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Carmichael of Winnipeg, assisted by Rev. A. M. Gordon of Knox church, Lethbridge. The bride was given away by her father and her bridesmaids were her two sisters, Misses Addie and Jessie Belcher. The groom was supported by the bride's brother, Mr. Arthur Belcher. The bride looked charming in a most becoming gown of ivory tulle with satin over tulle and tulle, trimmed with duchesse and rose point lace and seed pearls. The bride veil was of tulle hemmed with seed pearls and the coronet was of orange blossoms. The bride wore the gift of her mother a pearl necklace, and that of the bridegroom, a diamond and ruby ring and carried a shower bouquet of bride roses and lilies of the valley.

A reception was held after the ceremony on the spacious lawn at Major Belcher's home.

On the Thursday before the wedding, a large and most enjoyable dance was given at the Barracks by the Misses Belcher.

The marriage took place at the home of Mr. W. J. Webster, First street, Edmonton, on Wednesday morning of Miss Mabel Whitney of St. Stephen, N.B., to Mr. F. A. Morrison, the well-known Vegreville lawyer. Miss Ethel Webster assisted the bride while Mr. A. G. Gow acted as best man. The ceremony, which was a very quiet one, was performed by Rev. D. Fleming of Strathcona. Mr. Morrison is one of the bright young men of the province and in his profession and in public life should have an excellent future. To him and his bride best wishes are extended.

The Duluth Times contains a long account of the wedding of Miss Edith Valentine Davidson, daughter of Col. and Mrs. A. D. Davidson, who was a visitor to Edmonton last winter and has many friends throughout Alberta, to Mr. Thomas Stephen Darling, son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Darling of New York city.

Bishop and Mrs. Pinkham of Calgary are spending a holiday at the coast.

Mrs. Hughes, wife of Col. Sam Hughes M.P., Lindsay, Ont., and the Misses Hughes have been guests at the Alberta Hotel, Edmonton, this week.

Mrs. Cushing, mother of the minister of public works and of Mr. A. T. Cushing, is visiting her sons.

The High River Times says: "Word has been received by Mrs. T. W. Robertson that Mr. and Mrs. Christie left home in England some time ago and are making a tour of Great Britain, France, and Belgium. During their travels they ran across Mr. and Mrs. Haylock of Calgary and together they took many interesting trips in Mr. Haylock's motor car."

The provisional committee which has had the work in hand of raising funds for the purpose of furnishing a home for young women in Edmonton has arranged to hold a revival for the furtherance of this laudable object. It will be given in Methodist church on Thursday evening, August 1st, by Miss Bellamy, who is a graduate of the Boston School of Expression, assisted by Miss Keedy, a graduate of the Conservatory of Music, Chicago. The orchestra will be in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Mills and family have returned to Edmonton after a three months' visit to the coast cities and are now comfortably settled again in their home on Sixth street.

Hearty congratulations will be extended to Rev. H. H. Wilkinson of St. Paul's Anglican church, Kinsistone Avenue, Edmonton, on his marriage to Miss Lucy King of St. Catharines, Ont., which took place at Calgary on Tuesday, the Very Rev. Dean Paget officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson are spending their honeymoon at Banff.

During the past week we have had little boom in the way of social doings in town. Mrs. McPherson's Bridge on Friday afternoon and the Club House Warming the same evening setting the social ball moving.

The Bridge was one of the most delightful of its kind, the fine broad verandah of the McPherson home with its magnificent view forming an ideal setting for a summer afternoon's quiet game.

Five tables engaged in play. The guests included: Mrs. Bigger, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Metenife, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Burrow, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. McMurtry, Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Norquay, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Calderon, Mademoiselle Martin, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Braithwaite, Mademoiselle Thibaudan, Mrs. Dawson, and Mrs. Balmer Watt.

At the ten hour delicious light refreshments were served and two chatty prizes were awarded the fortunate winners.

The hostess of the afternoon was very prettily frocked in a dainty pink linen gown, made jumper fashion with embroidery insertion over a fine lawn guimpe, while the guests were all in their daintiest summer frocks and furberlows, making the scene on the verandah, as the game was in progress, a decidedly pretty picture.

The imposing wrought iron lantern in front of the Edmonton Club house a cheery hospitable welcome as the guests mounted the steps on Friday evening to participate in the formal opening of the new building. To me, a woman, a creature there on sufferance, the smile had something of the nature of a wink, as if the lighter of ways, would insinuate that while he must assume a substantial, steady tone, he was nevertheless pleased as punch to be able to look down on such visions of sweetness and womanliness, a light, he would, if he had the opportunity, declare, only too seldom seen in the precincts of the club.

And so, we women, averted not a little by the solemnity of the occasion, stole in a bit guiltily; we were to have our first, and we had been assured, last, glimpse of a man's earthly haven, his club.

Perhaps some of us were even a bit dubious of our reception on the other side of the great plate glass doors.

In one of Addison's quaint essays we had read under the rules of a certain fraternity called, I believe, the Mohawk Club, such a regulation as this: "If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door."

Was there just a chance WE might be turned out at the last moment? However, no such untoward occurrence took place at this particular time, to our joy and an evening's delightful social intercourse.

In the entrance hall, Mr. Mount Bigger, the President, stood ready to extend a hearty welcome to the guests, members and their friends and after that everyone was at liberty to have the freedom of the house. Through all the ground floor apartments trailed ladies and their escorts the first named gowned in their daintiest silks and chiffons, while the men wore a motley of garments from summer flannels and tan shoes, to the regulation evening dress.

On every breath of wind came murmurs of delight, as every fresh object of interest struck their eye. It was funny to hear the various comments of the critics, male and female—now it was "the lovely mahogany," varied by "useful and substantial, that's what I like." Not a thing escaped them.

To the undying credit of architect and the furnishing committee be it said that no criticism of a fault-finding character reached my ears the entire evening. Each room but seemed to strengthen the favorable impression caused by the first, until finally seated on the balcony their delight was expressed in a chorus of superlatives.

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KING EDWARD PHARMACY



Questioning some of the members as to their favorite corner, I arrived at the conclusion that the library, that pleasant restful retreat, might be always expected to have a congenial circle of devotees.

On Friday the Lower Lounge seemed to very naturally resolve itself into a spot, beloved of men of a social disposition. At one part of the evening I noticed a huge circle of men seated there swapping experiences, and after, I believe, there also took place the informal musicale furnished by Mr. Harold Brunton, Mr. Lines and others musically inclined, and which, no doubt, was intended as an initiation ceremony of some order.

Upstairs, the Upper Lounge served as a general meeting ground, extending to the balcony and billiard rooms when dancing became general. The billiard room too, was a favorite corner, a great number of the guests trying their skill under such splendid conditions, the men seeming to behave unusually unselfishly while the ladies shrieked with delight if they hit by chance one of the elusive spheres.

In the card rooms a few games were played, just to christen the tables, the chief centre of interest being always, though, the Lounge and Balcony where delicious beverages and light refreshments were served throughout the evening.

In the hall downstairs the orchestra was stationed and played a much appreciated programme of selections, echoes of which reached you even on the balcony, where, to my taste, with the stars above you, and the view of the river and hills about you, it sounded best of all.

Among those who graced the new club with their presence were: Sir Montagu and Lady Allan, who came in with Mr. Allan Fraser, Mrs. McMurtry, a very sweet visitor to town, gowned beautifully in shimmering gray tulle with touches of handsome lace and black silk; Mrs. Nolan of Calgary, who was much admired in a white lace robe and hat in plum shades with sweeping plumes and white ostrich bon. Mrs. Cross, who looked a perfect picture in a striped black and white voile gown with a Valenciennes lace yoke and touches of black tulle, with a stunning cream lagoon hat, trimmed with some splendid black ostrich plumes. Mrs. James Bigger, always smartly gowned, in lovely pale blue crepe de chine, with rose point Brussels lace yoke and hand embroidered French knots, and a snazzy little tulle hat with a knot of pink roses and pale blue ribbon, which became her dainty style to perfection. Mrs. Jamieson of Strathcona in a stunning pale blue costume; Miss Hunt, who came with her, a decidedly pretty girl in white with a quaint poke bonnet; Miss Sappho, beautifully frocked in pale blue crepe de chine with a turban to correspond, one of the most admired girls; Mrs. South, who was kept busy receiving introductions and good wishes, in a lovely pale blue crepe gown, with coffee colored point d'esprit guimpe, and a very smart pale blue muller picture hat with a long plume caught at the side. Mrs. Holson, whom everyone was delighted to see about again; Mrs. Swaisland in a pretty blue linen frock and her mother, Mrs. Metenife, whom to see is to admire, who only remained a moment for a peep and were away again. Mrs. Charlesworth in a dainty white linen gown and pretty tulle hat with a foliage crown. Mrs. Hyndman, looking charmingly pretty in pale blue; Miss Davies, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Graydon, Miss Hughes, Mrs. Duncan Smith in white silk, with violet tulle, Mrs. Frank Sommerville in a striking black and white costume, a smart white chic picture hat with a plume and touches of black, and a lovely Indian sequined silver scarf as a finishing touch to a shimmering tulle ensemble. Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick looking very well indeed in white silk with an exquisite lace-berthe and large hat.

At a late hour the guests reluctantly took their departure. "It's a case of Kathleen Mavourneen," a witty woman remarked.

"It may be for years."

"And it may be for ever."

But—

The very next night the question was brought up as to the desirability of having a Ladies' Night once a month, and a little bird had whispered it wasn't frowned down too ponderously. From which I gather we didn't make too bad an impression, and instead of Kathleen

Mavourneen our friends may be singing "Will ye no come back again?"

Mr. and Mrs. Cross and their little family leave on Saturday for a month's holiday at Gull Lake, where they have secured one of the new cottages.

Mr. N. J. Brown of London, Ont., is visiting her son Mr. C. A. Brown, sec. of the Alberta Can. Ins. Co., and will spend the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hamilton left on Friday for Banff and the Coast, and intend being away about a month; on their return they will take up their residence on MacKay Ave.

The death of Mr. Stephen at Cooking Lake on Sunday night, removes from Edmonton a man whose popularity was second to none in the city.

Essentially a man's man, a keen sportsman, the soul of generosity and good fellowship, clean, straight and honest, Mr. Tom. Stephen's friends were limited only by the number of those who knew him.

His tragically sudden taking off has left a very honest and sincere sorrow, in the hearts of those by whom his fine qualities of heart and head were known and appreciated.

on Saturday but on Monday at Edmonton Crisp and McElair played second fiddle to Sykes, and the visitors won by 3-1. On Tuesday McElair was hard hit and Calgary won by 9-3.

On Thursday Edmonton took another fall out of the leaders, Crisp being on the slink. Lethbridge continued its victorious career by defeating Calgary, 9-4.

COVER POINT.

Capt. Pearce of John Walter's steamer, when 150 miles up the river, came across the body of a Swede on a sandbar. On his right hand were the initials M.V.P. It is supposed that he was tramping from Wetaskiwin to the Yellowhead.

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SOME SPATTERINGS OF AN OLD FRYING PAN

BY E. N. BARKER IN THE EDMONTON SATURDAY NEWS

No. 1

Pilgrims and those with tender feet are always asking us to write about old times (and we beam, no doubt, when we think we are dignified by the appellation of "old timer," but till truth compels us to say that it is with a qualm we approach the subject, for, possibly, there lies a danger of exceeding the truth or not giving the right turn to a phrase that would indicate the true state of affairs in days gone by.

Or the fate may hang over us of disbelief, but, perhaps, to be relieved, we hope, by a faithful friend when danger is most apparent, for such has been the case with other authors who wrote in blissful ignorance of some criticisms, and who were at an ancient date, when we were little, being discussed by an old cook named Sarah and her friend the farmer's wife, named Jane, in the old granite and heather covered hills of Galloway. A lady was in the habit of lending Jane some books which she with great pride at times read to Sarah to pass the time. Sarah couldn't read and when a novel became loud and exciting exclaimed one day to Jane, "They're just aw biethers," "Hoots Sarah," says Jane, get ing mad, "There's no lees in print." God grant us such a defender with such a full modicum of faith in things terrestrial, and with this reassuring dictum ringing in our ears we will carefully approach our subject, of old times in Southern Alberta.

In the years 1906 and 1907 have arrived many of the phenomena called "Real Estate Men," who, having been here a few months or weeks constitute themselves as fully and amply qualified to describe vigorously, and descant wonderfully, upon the merits of this great land.

They, apparently, can sell anything, having even with little sign of vegetation is apparent, an abiding faith in the fact that this land will grow anything, even bananas, in the open, and it is now acknowledged that the "Banana Belt" of Canada is definitely located in Southern Alberta.

By your faith ye shall be saved, and it may be faith that will save many yet. Among the stories poured out with impressive volubility are stupendous yarns that this land will grow fine grain, and as if this information was new and that only in recent years had this been discovered. Southern Alberta always was good grain country, and during our time will continue to be. Years and years ago there were good crops here on Belly river in the forks of the Belly and Kootenai Rivers at Stand Off and still higher up the Belly, with a fine garden at the Cochrane ranch presided over by the cook.

The Blood Indians were growing vegetables, fine turnips and potatoes. This year we are talking of is 1884. The oat crops were splendid on Belly River the next three years. Dave Acres lower down near Lethbridge, was about this time, if not earlier, ripening tomatoes in the open in his garden, and what was even, perhaps, more difficult and to the point, growing and ripening splendid onions. Harking back to the Blood Indians in the winter of 1884 one of their number acquired the habit of bringing us vegetables mostly rata bagas or Swedish turnips for which we were very grateful, for we needed those for chicken soup, not having any ourselves, and for which we traded T. & B. and other things, so that our particular friend came to be called "Turnips" by the whites, and "Turnips" he is to this day. The name he should go by in his own vernacular is Wolf Child.

Talking about crops and farms Pincher Creek was perhaps the most aristocratic, civilized and progressive locality as to farming in those days, for they had a threshing machine and "milked" cows and if they had not the threshing machine they had not the milk. Oh Boys! Oh Boys! that threshing when the oats were cut with mower and raked with horse rake, the straw mixed with clouds of fine loam, and sand among it all. Taking the straw away from the machine (this was before the age of blowers) was heavenly, and before we finished we were black inside and out from the spreading of the dust all over the outer surface of the man and the breathing of it inside. Aryans as to contour but Africans as to color. If, as the old poultry judge remarked, "Type makes the breed and color the variety" to what did we belong? Verily Mongrels! But they were good oats we grew and perhaps prophesied the days that are here and the days that are coming.

Oats brought a good price, the market the police. As high as 7 cents per pound was common and has been registered, some say even higher. But our old friend Cochrane remarked he could beat that and he did. Hauling in a load of oats to the log fort at Macleod he found the quarter master away but sold the oats to the clerk, and as it was late at night he asked to be allowed to leave the oats in front of the store till morning, inside the fort. This permission was granted so Dave went off to stable his horses. Next morning, bright and early, Dave came round to see the clerk away, and found him in but the clerk away, and, tumbling to the situation, he sold the same oats again to the

quartermaster, cashed his check and left for home.

Some are born lucky, some achieve luck and some have luck thrust upon them. Oats sold at 14 cts per pound can be called luck of some sort, or is it a combination of foresight and blind sight?

The French word "chic" is said to be inexpressible in our language, at least after explaining for some time we don't properly express "chic" except in a round about way and then it isn't expressed. The American word "smart" bears many interpretations and speaks volumes, for after you have walked around it quite a bit it is still there and means a lot. D.C. was smart. But then, we soliloquize, there were no elevators in those days and today farmers' profits run down chutes and disappear in funnels. Machinery has a paralyzing effect on hand labor and oats are now 18 cents per bushel with not so much dust in them. Comparisons are digressions from our text of old times, but they provide the "chiaro scuro" to the picture.

Talking about threshing oats, dust and other things, in the old times, makes one wriggle and fidget, and there is such a lot in the imagination, as the doctors know who cure with placebos and bread pills. The Christian scientist would ignore such inconveniences. But it reminds one of many things that are gone and the herds that have passed away. But continuing, this subject may horrify the elite as careless conversation carried on in an English railway train did an elderly lady some years ago. She was traveling in the same carriage with two well-known water color artists who were discussing methods of coming at effects.

She could only catch parts of the talk at disjointed intervals, but when they reached the point where one was telling the other "I don't wash much but I scratch a good deal," she huddled close to her corner and when the train stopped she climbed into another compartment.

Another branch of farming in old days that was hard to cultivate was taking care of poultry, for this was not easy when there were none to be had. To-day the government keeps a fowl man to tell people how to do it; in those days he would have been lost without fowls.

After a long time fowls did struggle up here and then when they laid eggs brought a dollar dozen, mostly to make "Tom and Jerry" in town, though it was a strictly prohibition country. But the efforts of some to whom we owe a lot, who have been invaluable to us, the police, were certainly noble in trying to keep the whiskey away from the outsiders. One of the simplest and best ways they found, after seizing it, was to drink as much as they could themselves, "for single men in harnesses don't grow into plaster saints." One reason we find out now why our hens did not lay too many eggs was that they were old. These same hens had been at a good many ranches. The knowing ones raised chickens from them and passed them on at a good price. Over-joyed at possessing hens the pilgrim ate the majority of the eggs before starting to set some, so eggs becoming scarce hatches were light. But eventually starts were made in poultry raising and then we ran out of roosters; ours died. The family being entirely unaided we had to go without young chickens for a while but rustled a rooster from Pincher Creek. Possibly this is the first time the owner has heard where his rooster went to, but the rooster came home all right in a grumpy sack on the back of a saddle horse and did not die. He was a pure bred game from the old country. Chickens from this rooster were game, and, when an old hen brought off a brood in the spring, and she and all the chicks but one were carried off by a hawk or a skunk, the remaining chick took up with an old mare on a picket rope and stayed with her all summer and the mare raised that chicken and it was a pullet.

The married men are the ones who think they have all the troubles in this world, but troubles come to bachelors when they have to make bread, and butter. Ranches that had dogs and such could have gentle milk cows, but range cattle seldom could be called broke, and, probably still in some of the old groves will be found the squealers into which the bronco cow was run to be milked. It was easy getting milk on the trail when you had a good rope horse, for the cow was thrown and milked lying down, without a chance to kick if Baldy kept the rope taut, though you didn't get very much milk. But standing up to these cows was what the girls call "horrid." When the cow was milked dairies were primitive, and as to whether the milk could be churned largely depended whether the Chinook wind had been blowing the milk full of dust. If not too bad it made butter a little gritty to the teeth. A restless cow is an aggravating thing and leads to profanity. The scientific dairyman tells you that milk cows should be used very gently for they milk better, but the only way we ever found to milk bronco cows and break cayuse ponies properly was with the use of strong language and a club.

It's all in the way we look at things and the London bus drivers' philosophy may be right. Once on a ride from Ealing to London we were discussing with the driver a terrible murder that had recently taken place where a man had killed his wife. Remarking strongly how it could be possible for a man to kill a woman the bus driver slowly remarked with a sigh, "Well, sir, at times they're mighty aggravating things." We did not know his home so subsided.

Bachelor's bread is made in many ways, with flies and without. Young ladies who come to the country now mostly get it without. When trying to raise that bread in the pan there are many receipts told, of the most pop lar was "sour dough." Sour dough was made with a little flour and a little water and a little molasses, usually put into a tin pot till it became sour; then it was the leaves that leavened the whole lump. Some used a wooden crock for making sour dough but in time this became too strong for some palates.

To make bread by the sour dough method it was only necessary to use a little of the mixture in a larger lot of flour and water, leaving it to stand overnight in a warm place, and if the cut got up and slept in the middle of the dough so much the better for she kept it warm and rose with the bread. Of course baking powder bread was usually to be had, but it is insipid stuff beside sour dough and soon goes stale. There is no accounting for taste though and we remember two old miners who lived near the mountains and each made his own bread because one would only eat baking powder bread while the other wouldn't touch it. Had they been man and wife they couldn't have agreed to differ better, but had they been man and wife, in America, the man would have eaten the bread the woman liked. Another dodge for making bread was with sour milk and soda, too much soda turns the bread yellow or brown. Some bachelors got so many flies in the dough that when some young ladies came to tea they thought they were eating currant buns till they discovered the mistake. But it was not with bread that all the mistakes were made, for, on one occasion, some ladies were having tea at a bachelor's residence, and, thinking the tea tasted funny, when the host went out for a minute they peeked into the pot and curiously met its reward, for, lo! and behold! there was a dead mouse in the pot and no one knows how long it had been there. They did not ask for third cups, though there was little left of the dear little thing except bones, the rest having gone in to tea, for it would have been worse than Bill Aldridge's barley bread, that he tells of, in the early days of the West, when barley was ground hulls and all, trying to swallow it was "like swallowing a rasp."

But the good old times are gone by and as our old friend Bill Aldridge says: "They talk about their hard times now and their little hail storms when there is plenty of every thing." We have never had very hard times in this country and to-day it is probable that there is no place where a living is so easily made; the contrast between the East with its hustle and the West where many take it very easy, is most marked. There have been lots of things to contend with, but, with lots of water and bunch grass to their knees, stock have always done well and the people have largely lived on the stock. The stock are becoming more docile and before going further we had better mention the cayuse who will occupy a prominent place in the next paper.

Alberta Agricultural Notes.

Mr. W. F. Stevens, secretary of the Alberta Farmer's Association, is in receipt of two letters from the secretary of the Railway Commission. One is in respect to the G.T.P. crossing of the Clover Bar road. Mr. Cartwright intimates that the chief engineer of the Board will visit Edmonton during July for the purpose of inspecting the crossing and making a report to the Board.

The other refers to the communication of Mr. A. H. Gunn of Cowley, complaining about the condition of cattle-guards at that place, which was forwarded to the commission. Mr. Cartwright states that an engineer will investigate as soon as possible.

"With regard to your enquiry as to the law covering cattle guards," continues the letter, "I beg to state that this is covered by section 254 of the railway act which provides that the company shall erect and maintain upon the railway cattle guards on each side of the highway on every highway crossing at rail level with the railway. Subsection 4 of such section provides that where the railway passes through any locality in which the lands are not enclosed and either settled or improved, the company shall not be required to erect cattle guards unless the Board otherwise orders or directs. You will thus see by the section that the company is compelled by the act to provide cattle guards, except as provided by sub-section 4, and as to sub-section 4, the Board may order them to be put in."

As was to be expected, the evidence given by Senator Talbot before the beef commission at Lacombe, was of exceptional interest. He suggested that the government might ship the cattle of the small farmer and familiarize the farmer with the cost of shipping and the prices realized at the terminal shipping in Montreal or Liverpool.

"The Burns company is too wealthy," said Mr. Talbot "for a common man to overcome. He would need to have millions."

He said he had been asked by his brother in Toronto to ship his cattle east, but he found that the big shippers got a better rate than the farmer who dared to ship. Eastern buyers, who did not purchase through Burns and Co., could not compete with those who did, owing to the discrimination of freight rates.

At present not many farmers fed heavy cattle, due to the monopoly and uncertainty of the market. He was of the opinion that if anything were done to give relief and protect the small and moderate farmer, the number of beef cattle produced in that district would be multiplied many times.

The settlers engaged in mixed farming were all strongly in favor of pork packing industry under government supervision.

At the Irrigation Convention in Calgary a resolution was passed endorsing the separation of the Agricultural College from the Provincial University and favoring the placing of the Agricultural College in an irrigation district. W. H. Fairfield, the manager of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Lethbridge

made a strong plea in favor of the motion.

The convention also recommended the appointment of a Joint Commission by the Federal Government and the British Columbia government to undertake the systematic gauging of all streams of water supply and the location and survey of all sites suitable for reservoirs for the storage of water.

British Columbia had a strong representation at the convention, including Hon. H. J. Fulton, Minister of Agriculture and Hon. J. A. Macdonald, leader of the Opposition, who took prominent parts in the discussion.

The Strathcona Chronicle says: "T. S. Holbrook, who lives on the Cameron farm, three miles south east of the city, brought some fine samples of growing grain to the Chronicle to-day. Barley was sown on the 24th of May measures four feet three and one half inches. It is fully headed out and since reaching above ground shows an average growth of an inch a day. A sample of wheat sown on May 14th, measures two feet nine and one half inches and is also headed out. Oats sown on May 12th measures three feet eight inches. These samples were not isolated selections but were taken at random from the field. Much has been said of the fertility of the soil in the Strathcona district and no better evidence can be desired of the strength of these claims and the forcing power of the Alberta climate than these samples. They are tangible forecasts of a bumper crop and an abundant harvest, provided weather conditions prove favorable from now on."

Dr. James Fletcher, entomologist of the Dominion Government and Dr. Skinner, entomologist of the State of Pennsylvania, are at present in Saskatchewan engaged in

addressing farmers institutes on the fight against weeds and harmful insects. They are accompanied by T. W. Willing, the entomologist and botanist of the Saskatchewan government.

After these meetings the scientists will continue their journey to Alberta and then on to British Columbia. The extended trip to the latter place is due to the complaints of fruit growers of that province that the Indians have allowed their orchards to become breeding places for injurious insects and they petitioned the Dominion Government to see that this state of affairs be remedied.

The travelling dairy school, arranged by the Department of Agriculture, visited Medicine Hat district last week and this.

The party is composed of the Dairy Commissioner, Mr. C. Marker; Mr. Geo. W. Scott, one of the provincial staff of dairy instructors; Mr. A. W. Foley, Poultry Superintendent, and Mr. Archibald Mitchell, Chief Inspector of Noxious Weeds.

The dairy school is fully equipped with all modern appliances for modern dairy farming.

Arrangements were made for a supply of milk and cream to be delivered on the days of the meetings, and the cream separator, churn, Bannock (tester, etc., were seen in full operation.

Lectures, instructions and demonstrations in regard to a variety of dairying subjects were given.

An effort is being made to have a creamery established at Josephburg near Medicine Hat.

T. D. Kevin, for many years chief train dispatcher for the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company's railroad has been promoted to the position of superintendent of the railways.

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broader-minded, and more self-reliant man. It will make him independent by providing the means for earning his own livelihood. It will fit him for a high and honored place in any sphere of activity which he may afterwards choose.

Alberta College offers him unusual opportunities for developing the very best that is in him. The work of instruction is under the direction of a large and able faculty of specialists, teachers who have been selected as much for personal character as for teaching ability. Personal interest is taken in each boy, the aim being to inspire in every student a love of study, the lofty ideals of thorough scholarship, self-reliance, sound judgment and Christian usefulness.

Your Daughter's Future

Depends altogether on her training and environment during those formative years of girlhood when character is in the making. It is then that she stands most in need of helpful and uplifting influences which shall inspire her to high ambitions and noble purposes.

Alberta College aims to give a thorough education which shall make possible a life of usefulness in the home. The value of the Christian influences of the College, and its refined home life cannot be over-estimated as factors in helping to bring out and develop the very best that is in the student.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE



EXECUTIVE OF THE MID-WEEK MEETING



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Love in the Cattle Country

By Basil C. D'Amico
Fort Saskatchewan
in the West
Farmer

Of course all girls are pretty. There are merely degrees of prettiness. And in the cattle country, where women are few and far between, their charms appear quite dazzling. I am not fond of statistics, so I cannot tell the exact number of aching swains for each damsel, but I should not be surprised to hear that it ran into three figures; in fact at one place I know there is a population of over eight hundred but only one girl.

The North West is a strange land, a land of new things. The longer you live in it the less you will think you know about it. But if you ride through it on a trans-continental train and view the land from the windows of a Pullman car, you will, no doubt, gain a good knowledge of the country, its people and its prospects and be fully qualified to write a book about them. Call it conceit or ignorance, which you will, the same spirit prompts very young men to vainly imagine that they understand women.

Bernard Dalton, being that curious animal, a young tenderfoot, naturally supposed that he had nothing to learn with regard to the women of this country. Had not fair ladies in England, in London, smiled upon him? Had he not had a conquering career among the aristocrats of the Empire, Alhambra and Supper Club? Had not the goddesses who dispense Scotch and soda at the Crier and Gaiety listened indulgently to his infantile prattle? Was it likely that any North Western maiden could disconcert him?

Sinuous and the other cowboys at the "V" ranch had been zealously trying to educate Dalton to the point where he would confess that the habitable world is not bounded by Hyde Park, the Thames, Ludgate Circus and Oxford street. Some months had passed since the incident of the foot-race, and as one of the Montana cow-punchers expressed it, "the dude was getting kinder broke in, though he was a half-foolish, lousy cuss anyhow."

By this time Bernard had been forced to give up many of his preconceived notions concerning the West. He had not hunted the buffalo; but he had been vigorously addressed for failing to turn a runaway steer. At the spring round-up he had quickly learned that there is more hard work than romance in the cowboy's life.

The moss cook called Bernard "an ornery coffee-cooler," and the "toughs" yelled derisively when they saw the poor youth "grab leather" while his cow-puncher humped itself and bucked merrily on a frosty morning. It was rough training, but it did Dalton much good, not only to his body but also to his soul; for no doubt, he had a little soul.

By the time the spring round-up was over Bernard entered into the second stage which nearly every tenderfoot in the Northwest passes through. He wished to be thought the complete cowboy, therefore his outfit was of the most gorgeous style: broad-brimmed white hat with rattlesnake skin band; gaudy silk handkerchief loosely tied round his throat; buckskin shirt with fringes; leather "chaps" on his legs, with more fringes; boots and car-wheeled spurs, silver-plated bit, conchos and rinchies, bridle; heavy stamped saddle with long tapaderas, and he wore, of course, a long barreled white handled Colt's 45 calibre revolver, swinging in its holster from the loosely buckled belt around his waist. His talk was of "brones," "mavericks," "roping" and "brands" in fact as "fresh" did he become that when he announced his intention of crossing the line and going south into Montana no one at the "V" ranch tried to hold him back. So he came to Fort Benton, in Montana, and the foreman of the "Circle" outfit, being very short-handed, gave Bernard a job, and there, on the Shonkin range, he first heard of the Grant girls.

Cast your eyes over the cattle country on a Sunday afternoon; you will see, near some houses, made fast to the fence, a number of restless steeds with barbaric trappings. You may safely wager that within those houses you will find a fair maiden receiving the homage of a circle of more or less bashful worshippers. As a general rule you may put it down that the more horses you see tied up outside, the more fascinating are the ladies within that house.

The cowboys kept the trail warm to old man Grant's ranch on Shonkin Creek; for old man Grant had two charming daughters who were perfectly aware of the fact that they were the acknowledged belles of the district. They were bright, lively healthy girls; able to ride any horse for miles over the prairie; they could drive thirty miles in a snowstorm with the thermometer below zero to a dance, frolic all night and drive home again in the morning. Mattie was fair and said that she was twenty-two years old; Carrie was dark and her age on the school register was put down at nineteen years.

Both girls could sing rather nicely and play on the violin and piano-organ. In the fine art of flirting they were skilled performers and they had "on their strings" about

half of the bachelors of Northern Montana.

This is no exaggeration: in every round-up camp you would find cowboys who worshipped the Grant girls and who would think it no trouble to ride fifty miles in order that they might sit on the extreme edge of a chair in Mrs. Grant's parlor, while Mattie sang or Carrie chatted sweetly upon the manners and customs of bronchoses.

The weather as a topic of conversation is not so over-worked in the West as in other regions. If you are at a loss to know what to say, talk about horses; how Kirkwood rode that Pinto outlaw; how Cadotte was bucked off; how Sullivan had some new saddles and fancy bits for sale; or, again, try cows; how old Flynn's cows, judging from his calf crop, must have twins every year or the old fellow must be getting "too promiscuous" in the use of his branding iron; how the coyotes and prairie wolves are doing great damage in the Teton bottoms, and so on with a full tree and particular account of the way in which Rover paled a cow out of a leg in which she had become mired and how he had to fee for his life from the peculiar gratitude of the beast.

Proud and happy were the men upon whom Mattie and Carrie smiled and thrice blessed were the fortunate ones who escorted the girls to some of the dances at Fort Benton or at the neighboring ranches. But through several gallants in turn had deluded themselves with the belief that they were "solid" with Mattie or Carrie, each youth had to confess that he had been mistaken. They had their brief days of sunshine and smiles and then rode to Fort Benton to drown their sorrows in "tango-foot, barbed wire" at the Continental saloon.

There at the Continental saloon one evening Bernard Dalton met Jim Foss, the latest rejected one. Jim was feeling "mean and ornery"; his heart was full of soreness and he was proclaiming his woes to all who cared to listen to him. "I tell you boys, I never was struck much on girls, but the first time I seen Mattie Grant I knew she was the only girl for me. So I went round, there pretty regular every Sunday and let old Grant show up my tobacco and I sat around there all day listening to the old woman's cackle and just a looking at Mattie and she was as sweet as pie when I took her to the Circle round-up dance. Yes, I gave her things, too; a silk handkerchief, a ratchet and a dandy ring. Oh, yes, I followed her around like a calf and the boys all said I was sure plumb locoed about her—and I guess I was. Here Sam! Ask the boys what they'll take."

"Well, now, you know I've got a chain as Highwood, and a pretty fair shack on it, and about a hundred head of stock. I've always been a steady cuss, never whooped it up or raised Cain when I went to town—at least nothing to signify. I ain't sayin' this to blow about myself for you know me. Well, now, that girl just beamed on me when I brought her candies and the other boys around there looked so eye-eyed that I felt sure I was the top hand in that outfit. But what did it amount to? When I signified to her that we might as well get hitched up she put me down as quick that it fair made my head swim. Shucks! I tell you she's just a co-act. What's a co-act? Why one of them girls what lets a fellow go plumb crazy over her and then tells him she'll be his sister. Yes, since, these co-acts just like to buffalo a sucker out of easily, buggy rides and other truck; they ain't out for a straight business nowadays unless a fellow has five hundred steers. It's my belief these Grant girls will keep fooling and fooling along until they wear out all the decent boys around here and then they'll have to take up with some Eastern tenderfoot dude who don't know "B" from a hull's foot. Oh, I don't mean you, kid,"—this last to Dalton—"I guess the girls ain't quite so locoed as all that."

Next Sunday some of the "Circle" outfit rode over to Grant's to pay their respects to the girls and Dalton went also; and when he came back to camp that evening he flattered himself that he had made quite an impression on Miss Mattie's heart. For that young lady, ever on the look out for some new thing, had instantly recognized the possibilities in Dalton, and had been very gracious to him. No doubt Bernard was very new.

He bought for her chocolate candies and many other things, for Miss Mattie was rather an expensive acquaintance, which, I regret to say, is the case with many of the young ladies of Montana who believe in having a good time before they take upon their shoulders the cares and "chores" of married life.

Miss Carrie looked on at the play but she did not interfere; the sisters never interfered in each other's affairs. Now, it was play on both sides at first. Miss Mattie was a skilled hand at the game and Dalton thought he was, and persisted in looking upon her as an unscrupulous, cool, country maiden and himself a man of the world, which was not the real state of the case. It soothed

his vanity to see the interest she took in him; how she hung upon his accounts of life in London; the way she addressed him as "Mr. Dalton"—the others as "Cy," or "Ed," or "Charlie"—all was delicate flattery. And flattery was a scarce article in a round-up camp, for a cow-puncher is no respecter of persons.

So Bernard began to warm and glow under the sparkling glances of Mattie, and the flirtation he had begun, thinking only to have a little fun with the girl and cut out these country humpkins, ended in his becoming desperately in love. At least he honestly believed so at the time; which is as much as can be said for anyone in the same distressing condition.

Undoubtedly Miss Mattie had laid herself out to capture Bernard, attracted perhaps by his manners which were a little more polished than those of the men whom she was in the habit of meeting; though, in the North West, nearly all men are courteous to women—except, perhaps, husbands to their wives. And there is no doubt about the fact that she was beginning to become a little fond of him, until he gave evidence of being in love with her. She then began to cool, cleverly and scentifically after the manner of women, which naturally had the effect of still further inflaming Dalton who was rapidly becoming completely "loosed" over the girl.

In the North West, in some places, there grows a small plant with a small yellow flower. This plant is known as the "loco" weed. If a cow or a horse gets a taste of the root of this plant, that cow or horse becomes "loosed" and worthless.

The poor brute may live for a few years, but, if a horse, it will be utterly unsafe to ride or drive him, for no man can say what the brute will do. He may try to go through a barbed wire, jump over a cut bank, or fall down at any moment. He is "loosed"; the poison of the weed has got into his brain and the horse is, practically speaking, insane; he is always restless and uneasy unless he can be pawing up the root which poisons him.

It is curiously like the drink habit in men. Sometimes bands of "loosed" horses may be seen in some parts of Montana; and it is said that if a horse has acquired the habit of eating the weed there is nothing that can cure him. It is the same with cattle; they grow weak, thin and then they die.

This is mentioned for the purpose of explaining what is meant when I say that Bernard was "badly locoed" over Miss Mattie. And the infatuated youth wrote home to his mother and sisters, wrote letters in which he enlarged upon the charms and accomplishments of Miss Grant, daughter of P. Grant, Esq., a wealthy cattle king.

As a matter of fact, old Grant had but a small band of scrubs on "shares" and he was more than suspected of being a "rustler"—the unpardonable sin in the North West. If you shoot a man the jury will, probably, acquit you on the ground of self-defence, but the Lord have mercy on your miserable soul if you are caught putting your brand on another man's calf.

It is somewhat wearisome to read about the love affairs of others, unless the reader happens to be in love himself; and even then, he can hardly help noticing that curious sameness which exists in such matters. For there is nothing new under the sun.

The North West is a swift country and Bernard's wooing progressed rapidly; moreover Miss Mattie was a rather swift dancer and as Bernard became more fagged and hopelessly entangled she kept her head cool, though it must be confessed that she was a little in doubt as to what would be the best course for her to follow. In Canada, the stray English tenderfoot is too common an article to meet with much consideration; but in Montana, republican Montana, he is often looked upon as a noble man in disguise, or at least the scion of some wealthy house.

The United States people delight in humbug; they are even fond of being themselves humbugged; and they have a most undemocratic respect for rank, real or fancied. Many English scamps have taken advantage of this little failing and I fear that Bernard Dalton was sometimes guilty of a little exaggeration when telling of his past life and of his future prospects. In Montana, if you will only blow your own trumpet loudly, some one will hear and believe.

Miss Mattie was a shrewd young woman; solid, substantial woosers had been turned away by her; she thoroughly knew her own value, perhaps, indeed she over-rated it. Jim Foss's remarks that the Montana girl was not out for straight business nowadays unless her suitor had, at least, five hundred steers had a certain amount of truth in it. If it should turn out that Bernard was a person of wealth and rank, it might be a good speculation on the part of Miss Mattie to accept him.

One Sunday afternoon Dalton and Miss Grant were riding side by side; the girl was a splendid rider and appeared at her best when on her spirited black mare which she delighted to make "cut up" or dance.

Bernard bumped along beside her, gritting his teeth and making secret clutches at the horn of his saddle, for he was not yet the complete cowboy when on the back of a horse. Mattie, out of the corner of her eye, saw his discomfort and mischievously proposed a gallop. At length she pulled up; and turning in her saddle she looked back at Dalton. Her

cheeks were flushed and her bosom rising and falling from the exercise of the ride, her bright eyes were sparkling merrily, and altogether she was such a charming picture that almost before he knew it, he stammered out a proposal of marriage.

"Mattie, I love you, I love you; you know it, don't you? Will you have me? I know I am not worthy of you—but, Mattie, I love you."

This last piece about the unworthiness is a famous old weather-beaten quotation, which has done, and no doubt will continue to do, most excellent service.

Mattie bashfully hung her head, apparently in maiden modesty, but in truth she was doing some very hard thinking. Supposing this youth had 174 friends and should be one day rich himself; it would be a pity to let him go; but then again, there was Cy Dent, the foreman of the "Circle" round-up, and a very well fixed man in every sense of the word. She knew that she could be Mrs. Dent if she wished it. And Dent was a man; he could "ride 'em straight up;" while this youth, if his pony shook his head, was visibly in trouble.

"Mattie, dear Mattie, look at me," went on the suitor, and becoming bolder he brought his horse closer to the black mare and stretched out his left arm to encircle the shapely waist of dear Mattie. Just at that moment there was a loud shout behind them; the two horses sprang apart; Bernard claved frantically at Miss Mattie with the result that they both fell to the ground. There was a burst of uncontrollable laughter from four or five of the "Circle" boys who now rode up at full gallop.

Among them was Cy, Dent who sprang from his saddle and picked up Miss Mattie. Then standing beside her, with his arm round her waist, he faced Bernard who had been landed on a full-sized cactus plant.

"Look here, kid, you're getting too fresh altogether. If I catch you nosing around this young lady I'll fill you full of lead, and don't you forget it. She's going to marry me. Don't say anything, Mattie because you know you are." Mattie gave a little start, but said nothing. "Now do you savvy that? Pull your freight out of here! Git!" And Bernard did git.

PINCHER CREEK'S NAME.

The Fernie Ledger has the following to say:—
Some of the people of Pincher Creek are beginning to kick about its name.

F. W. Godsal has joined in the agitation for a change of name, and in a letter to the Echo he suggests "Spitzee" as an improvement over the old name.

He also says that the Grand Trunk Pacific company spent thousands of dollars in getting an appropriate name for the western terminus of the new transcontinental road.

The Ledger does not like to be all the time grubbing with things, but it has never been able to see anything appropriate, musical or beautiful in the name that company bought at so high a figure with which to burden its terminal city. Neither can it agree with Mr. Godsal that "Spitzee" would be much of an improvement over Pincher Creek.

An old story, almost a tradition, has it that the name "Pincher" was given to that beautiful little stream by a party of prospectors who camped on its banks years ago when on a journey to the north in search of placer grounds. It was necessary to trim the hoofs of some of their pack ponies while camped in that place, and when they repacked and slung their loads upon the backs of the ponies to resume their northerly march, the pinchers which were used to nip the long hoofs were left where they had been used, and were not missed until they were needed again for the same purpose. A man had to be sent back to secure them and the name Pincher was thus fastened to the creek.

There could be a better name selected than Pincher for that beautiful little burg, but don't call it "Spitzee" or "Princher Rupert." Pincher would be better than either.

Morden or Mordenton would be a change for the better and would at the same time be a tribute to the memory of the first settler who so recently lost his life in the turbulent little stream.

AN IMPORTANT USE OF THE TELEPHONE.

One of the ways in which the new telephone system is destined to aid making the farmers contented and happy is that by means of it they can ascertain each day the extent to which P. Burns is exercising his power of starving them to death.

On Tuesday the Supreme Court of the North West Territories handed out judgment in the appeal of the C.P.R. against the verdict of \$95,000 recovered against that corporation by Chris Hansen for the loss of a leg by a train running over it at the Red Deer station. The first verdict of \$3,500 was upset because of a misdirection of the judge, and the second trial resulted in a much larger amount of damages being granted by the jury.

An effort is being made to bridge the Indian Blood Indians to release part of their reserve as a park for the buffalo, which it is hoped to secure from the Dominion Government.

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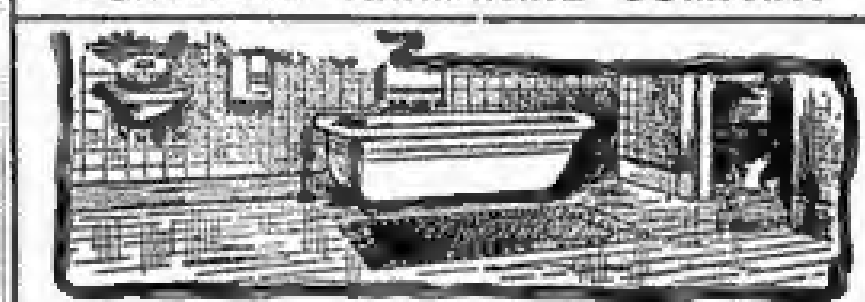
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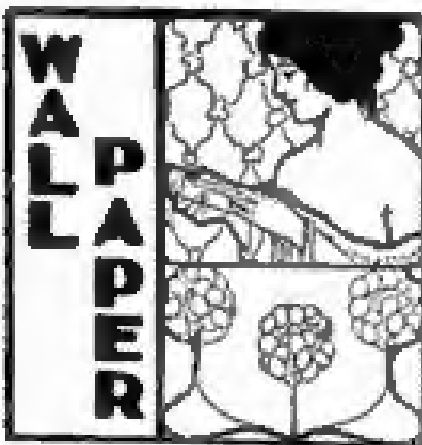
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The Saturday News is the official organ of the Alberta Farmers' Association, but the latter is only responsible for the views which are expressed in this department of the paper. While the publishers are thoroughly in sympathy with the objects of the A.F.A., it is manifestly unfair to ascribe opinions which are expressed in other parts of the paper, dealing for the most part with matters which have no direct connection with agriculture and which would reasonably be expected to give rise to controversy, either to the officers or to the members of the Association.

A. F. A. Notes.

JOINT MEETING POSTPONED.

It has been decided to postpone the proposed joint meeting of delegates from the grain growers of Manitoba and Saskatchewan and the Alberta Farmers' Association until after the grain commission has made its report.

MR. BARKER RESIGNS.

It is with extreme regret that we announce the resignation of Mr. E. N. Barker of Cardston, from the board of directors of the A.F.A. No one in the Association has done more to strengthen it in the south than he, no one has made greater use of it for the south than he. In conventions and directors' meetings no one was given greater attention than he, and no one's advice was more frequently followed than his. Mr. Barker says that his private affairs make it impossible to discharge the duties of a director in a farmer's association. He assures us of his good will and assistance whenever it is possible to lend a hand to assist in promoting the interests of the A. F. A. and the cause of agriculture in Alberta, and we trust readers of the News will be favored with an occasional article from his pen.

We repeat we are extremely sorry to lose the services and counsel of Mr. Barker.

THE ANNUAL CLOVER HARBOR.

The Clover Harb and East Clover Har branches of the Alberta Farmers' Association will hold their annual all day picnic in East Clover Har. 1-12 miles east of Horton's store on Wednesday, July 31. Dinner and supper will be served free. There will be a refreshment booth on the grounds. Several prominent speakers will be present, and football and other sports will be indulged in.

The Strathcona branch of the A.F.A. held its annual picnic on R. Shop yard's farm on Thursday, 18th July. In spite of the fact that the morning was very showery, a large number of farmers and their families put in an appearance. In the afternoon addresses were given by Mr. McDonald Dr. McIntyre M.P., Mayor Mills, Mayor Sheppard of Strathcona, Mr. Marriot of the Bank of Commerce, D. S. Fulton and others; Pres. Fletcher of the Central Association, acting as chairman. Some good races were arranged for the boys and girls, and in the evening a football match between married and single, result, 1 to 0 in favor of single. Swings were provided for the little ones, and it was pronounced by all a great success, the only alarming feature was that the tables might break down under the weight of the good things provided by the ladies.

Beef Commission Concludes.

The Beef Commission has concluded its labors in Alberta. Sitings were held at Vegreville and Vermilion last week and a supplementary one at Edmonton on Monday of this week.

At Vegreville the evidence went to show that the Burns' buyer had the market completely under his control. Basil Theroux, Robert Fairbairn, Henry Monkham, Thomas Watt and Andrew Shandro all testified to this effect. The latter told how a monthly stock sale had been started in the hope of mending matters but no buyers turned up. The evidence of Richard L. Hutchison of Whitford was of particular interest.

He gave an account of his experience in shipping two cars to Battleford last year. Though Battleford is only 180 miles from Vegreville, it took three days to make the run, or two and a-half miles an hour. On another occasion he had a car attached to a train load consigned to Gardon and Ironside, when the same run was made in ten hours. He accounted for this fast run by the fact that Mr. Speers, the agent for Gardon and Ironside, was on the train. To protect the small shipper he advocated a government officer to superintend the shipment at various points from the initial shipping point to the terminal points at Winnipeg, Montreal or Liverpool. He expressed it as his opinion that P. Burns and Co. had the whole country divided into districts and agents were forced to remain in the territory assigned to them, which meant the elimination of competition.

At Vermilion, not many complaints were heard, the opinion being fairly general that with the period of railway construction, an excellent market had been obtained, but that each year the situation was becoming more difficult. The contract system was denounced and the general feeling given expression to that a combine exists between the big firms.

Arthur F. Trickett of May expressed the opinion that the farmers should own and equip packing house plants, but the Government might guarantee its operation and the placing of the product in the most advantageous markets, as was now done with the creameries. The witness endorsed the view of Commissioner Campbell, who suggested that private packing and canning factories might be operated under a charter from the Government on condition of conducting the business independent of trusts or combines, to give a square deal to the producer and consumer alike. In the event of failing to execute the terms of the charter, the company would forfeit their right to operate, which would pass into the hands of the Government.

At the adjourned Edmonton sitting W. J. Williamson of Williamson Bros., detailed some figures regarding the profit on certain meats. On a steer dressing 600 lbs there would be \$19.84 profit, but the butcher couldn't cut up a carcass according to a diagram. He would have to allow for a loss of about 15 lbs to the hundred. A. R. Turner, Edmonton, manager for J. Y. Griffin and Co., made the statement that local manufacturers sell for a cent lower than the imported article. The Northern trade demanded American cured meats. As to the supply of hogs for the new packing plant, while it was not adequate at present he believed that the demand would soon make it so.

Mr. W. F. Stevens, secretary of the A.F.A., on being recalled stated in regard to the resolutions he submitted when before the commission last week, that none of them were the result of agitation or canvass of the members of the A.F.A. In July, 1906, he sent a circular letter to the secretaries of the different branches of the association in Alberta requesting each branch to put its position with respect to a government pork packing house on record. He received in response 20 resolutions in favor of the government undertaking the scheme. These resolutions were all sent to the minister of agriculture. Backed up by these resolutions the

central association passed a resolution strongly supporting the proposal at its late meeting.

EDMONTON MARKETS

The local grain markets are ruling quiet with receipts small. Coarse grains are in good demand, with oats selling at 30 cents per bushel on market square.

Elevator prices.

No. 1. Nor. wheat, 65c per bushel; No. 2. Nor. wheat, 60c per bushel; No. 3. Nor. wheat, 57c per bushel; lower grades, 40c to 50c per bushel; No. 2 white oats, 27c per bushel;

No. 3. white oats, 25c per bushel; Feed barley, 20 to 23c per bushel; barley, 35 to 40c per bushel; No. N.W. Flax, \$1.00 per bushel.

HAY.

Receipts of hay are more liberal with an easier tone to prices. Several loads of new hay have been brought in, and as receipts become more liberal there is likely to be further declines in prices.

Railing prices about as follows:

Baled Hay in car lots—
Sough, \$7 to \$12 per ton.
Upland, \$12 to \$15 per ton.
Timothy \$15 to \$20 per ton.
By the load on market square—
Sough, \$7 to \$12 per ton.
Upland, \$12 to \$15 per ton.
Timothy, \$15 to \$20 per ton.
Shovel Oats, 88 to \$12 per ton.
Straw, \$5.00 to \$6 per load.
Baled straw, \$10.00 ton.
Coal, \$4.50 to \$5 per ton.

Flour, Retail.

Best patent \$2.60 to \$3.00 per cwt.
Strong bakers, \$2.25 per cwt.

PRODUCE MARKET.

Prices quoted are average prices being paid to farmers in quantities.

Eggs.

Strictly fresh, 23c to 25c per doz.

Butter.

Fancy dairy, 1 pound prints, 30 to 22 cents per pound.
Good to choice dairy, 17 to 20 cents per pound.

Dairy in crocks and tubs, 15 to 18 cents per pound, creamery butter 25 to 30 cents per pound. Old butter, slow sale.

Potatoes.

Good potatoes selling around 40 to 50 cents per bushel.
New potatoes, 4 lbs. for 25c.

LIVE STOCK

Receipts of hogs are becoming more liberal with a tendency toward a slightly lower range of values.
Cattle, live weight—Steers, 4 1-2c per pound; Cows, 4c per pound; dressed, 7 to 7 1-2c per pound.

Live hogs, heavy, 5 to 5 1-2c per pound; light and medium, 4 1-2 to 4c per pound.

Live sheep 6 1-2c per pound. Veal calves, live weight, 5c to 5 1-2c per pound. Veal calves, dressed, 5c per pound.

POULTRY

Live Turkeys, 16 to 17 per pound Dressed, 20 cents per pound.
Spring chickens, 20c per pound.
Old hens, live, 12 1-2 cents per pound.
Old hens, dressed 15 cents per pound.

WINNIPEG.

Nothing special has occurred in the wheat market the past week. The tone has been nervous and trading in the speculative markets fairly active within a moderate range of fluctuations. The result is that prices are slightly under those of a week ago. More favorable growing weather over America causes a less confident feeling on the part of traders and there seems a tendency to consider the present level of prices a fair one in the meantime. Should any accident overtake the spring wheat crop, such as widespread rust or frost damage or a wet harvest a very sharp advance on present prices would occur. The general world's situation is very strong owing to the large shortage in this year's wheat

crop over America and Europe which is estimated at not less than four hundred million bushels short of last year's, and this makes the prospects of prices certain after the turn of the year by which time the large surplus of old wheat will be used up and the free movement of the new crop will be over.

Oats are dull, barley steady and flax lower. Today's cash wheat prices are: 1. Northern, 92c; 2. Nor. 91c; 3. Nor. 90 1-2c; and futures are: Aug., 92 1-2; Sep., 91c; Oct., 91 1-4; Oats, No. 2, White, 39 1-8; Aug. 38 3-4; Oct., 37 3-8. Barley, No. 3, 54 1-2; No. 4, 53 1-2; flax 1 Nor. Western, 127.

Thompson, Stone and Co.

The Investor.

The American Canadian Oil Co., whose advertisement appears on another page of this issue, announce that they have struck a strong flow of gas at a depth of 500 feet. A big future is looked forward to by this company. Their stock is being well taken up and they wish to impress on the public that only a very short time remains to purchase the stock at 35 cents a share.

A permit for a \$24,000 store and office building on First street was issued to W. J. Webster this week.

The Western Hotel at Saskatoon has again changed hands. This time it has become the property of A. Bramley Moore of Lloydminster and C. T. Stacey of Prince Albert, at a cost of \$100,000.

Personalia

(Continued from page 1)

him had not slighted the Lieutenant-Governor. Indeed, the newspapers said at the time that his name was placed before the then representative of the crown, who refused to consider it. What truth there was in the story I do not know. Houston represented Nelson. One day he disappeared from his old haunts, left Nelson unrepresented in the House, and was next heard from at Goldfields. Since he went to that town it has grown and prospered amazingly. All the old timers of B.C. will hope that Houston has shared in that prosperity. A report got around some time ago that he had been murdered in the Nevada city, but, like Mark Twain, he said it was exaggerated.

Such notes as these will take old-timers back a quarter of a century when they, the adventurous spirits of those days, were penetrating in to a practically unknown country and opening it up to civilization. That country is now the home of several hundred thousand prosperous and contented people and still population is flowing at an unexampled rate. They came in prairie carts. These have now given way to the automobile, by which conveyance Mr. W. J. Gourley of Calgary is making a trip from Windsor, Ontario, to his home in the southern city. Last week he reached Winnipeg after traversing Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and North Dakota, and entering Manitoba at Greta. He is accompanied by his wife and two children.

One of the leaders in the financial world of the Dominion visited Alberta last week in the person of Sir Montague Allan, head of the Allan line of steamships and president of the Merchants Bank. He is visiting the various branches of the latter institution in the west. It is twenty-one years since he was last in the west and was naturally very strongly impressed by the marvellous development which it had undergone. Sir Montague was one of the guests of the Edmonton Club at the opening of the new club house.

The Winnipeg Free Press of Tuesday said:
Hon. Frank Oliver, minister of the interior, was expected to arrive in the city this morning from the east. At the last moment he determined to spend an extra day in the town

BORN.

Thom. To Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Thom, 33 Rice st., Edmonton, on Wednesday July 24th, a son.

Birnie-Browne—At Strathcona, July 24, the wife of W. J. Birnie-Browne, of a daughter.

DIED.

Stephen—At Cooking Lake, Sunday, July 21, Thomas Algernon Stephen, of Edmonton.

Smith—In Camrose, Alberta, on Saturday, July 20, Jean Catherine Ginn, beloved wife of George F. Smith.



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For style wearing qualities and real genuine foot comfort the "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe for ladies is unsurpassed.

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we are showing a very dressy line of the new "Dorothy Dodd" style in Canvas Oxfords and Pumps, also tan calf, patent calf and vicid kid Oxfords. If you like nice footwear let us show you the new "Dorothy Dodd" styles.

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We pay freight to any railway
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The Beef Commission's Results.

The evidence given before the beef
commission at its various sittings
clearly points to four things.

1st. That the large shippers re-
ceive favor that the smaller ones do
not get.

2nd. That competition among the
large buyers has been practically
eliminated.

3rd. That the farmers understand
that the present high prices are but
temporary and that as soon as the
province becomes well stocked prices
will fall to the point where it will
mean ruin to him who has gone into
the business of raising cattle or hogs
extensively.

4th. That from one end of the
province to the other the farmers are
demanding that the government ex-
ercise some sort of control over the
meat industry. As was to be ex-
pected, opinions were somewhat divided,
as to the manner and extent of this
control. The value of organization
was very apparent. From the mem-
bers of the Alberta Farmers' Asso-
ciation, beginning at Cardston in the
south to Edmonton in the north and
on through Vegreville to Vermilion
in the east there came the same re-
quest, namely that the government
build and equip a pork packing and
beef canning plant sufficiently large
to handle cattle and hogs economi-
cally; that it operate the same on a
margin sufficiently wide to enable
an ordinary skillful packer to make
a fair rate of interest on his invest-
ment; if the large packers undertake
to run the government out of the
business, they can only do so by pay-
ing high prices for hogs, by selling
meat at very low prices, or by com-
bining both; in any event the coun-
try at large will be reaping the
benefits, and even though the gov-
ernment plant be idle one half its
time if it secures fair prices to pro-
ducers and consumers alike it will be
one of the best investments the pro-
vince can make.

From some quarters there had
come predictions that the evidence
would fail to show anything serious-
ly wrong with the cattle and meat
trade; that the farmers would be
indifferent to the proceedings of the
commission; that the present high
prices would seriously impair its
usefulness and that those provinces
which withdrew from the investiga-
tion displayed greater wisdom than
those which continued in it.

Subsequent events show that those
making such predictions were not in
touch with the situation, the evi-
dence shows that the farmers and
ranchers' complaints were well found-
ed; that as the investigation pro-
ceeded their wrongs became more
and more apparent; and that they
were in no wise deceived by the pre-
sent high prices. As to the interest
manifested in the proceedings, we
need but say that the time of the
commission was as well taken up as
that of any commission that ever sat
in Alberta. Two days were allotted
to Edmonton, but a third was found
necessary, and although every mo-
ment of time was utilized, many
important witnesses were turned
away unheard.

We do not hesitate to predict that
the fruits of this investigation will
more than repay the cost and give
ample proof of the wisdom of it.

The Farmers' Advocate and Farmers' Unions.

The Farmers' Advocate in its mid-
summer number deprecates the exis-
tence of two farmers' organizations
in Alberta, and hints at the advan-
tages of forming a third to remedy
the evil. The logic of the suggestion
is that the third one will absorb the
other two. While this result is
possible, experience shows that it
seldom follows. The numerous in-
stances in which this sort of thing
has been tried have resulted more
frequently in intensifying the evil
intended to be remedied than in ac-
complishing the desired object.

A wiser course would be to do, as
the Advocate was requested to do
eight months ago, that is to lend
its moral support to the cause of
uniting the two organizations al-
ready in existence, and if this failed,
then to inform itself at first hand
regarding the animus of both and
give its support to the one most
worthy of it.

The issue that prevented the union
between the A.F.A. and the Society
of Equity was clean cut and there is
no more need of any one being in
the dark concerning it.

The Society of Equity held that
their movement was world wide and
contemplated on their part the
organization of all of Canada.

The Alberta Farmers' Association
held that it would not be right to
secure union at home in order to be
the more able to promote disunion
elsewhere, and that more could be
accomplished by co-operating with
the grain growers of Manitoba and
Saskatchewan than by building up a
new organization in opposition to
them. In other words that organiza-
tion should be confined to Alberta.

That is a question upon which
judgment must be passed. Even
though a third organization be form-
ed the membership of the other two it
will find itself up against that propo-
sition. On the other hand, if the
new organization is to be provincial

it will have no more power of ab-
sorbing the Society of Equity than
the A.F.A. has; if it is to be a Do-
minion affair it will create the same
discord in all the provinces that
exists now only in Alberta.

Viewing the matter from every
point we can find little in the sug-
gestion to commend it.

THE SOCIETY EDITRESS AT A FIRE.

Recently a Kansas editor took a
vacation, leaving his paper in charge
of a reporter, and a young lady who
"did" society, and whose forte was
describing pink teas, society func-
tions and weddings. A fire broke
out and here is the account that the
young lady turned out.

"Quite a number of people in this
part of the city attended a fire last
night at the residence of Mr. and
Mrs. Blank on Thirteenth street.

Some went in carriages and bug-
gies, but a majority walked. The
alarm was sounded at 9.30, and many
who attended the fire had just re-
turned from church, consequently they
were already dressed for the
occasion. Mr. Blank was not at
home, being out of the city on busi-
ness; hence the affair will be quite
a surprise to him when he returns.

Mrs. Blank wore a light percale
kimono and had her hair done up in
kid curls. The firemen responded
readily and worked heroically to
subdue the seething flames. Most
of them were young and fairly good
looking. They were dressed in oil
cloth coats, cut short, with trousers
to match. Their hat rims were nar-
row in front and broad behind, and
sagged down in the rear. The chief's
hat was ornamented with an octa-
gonal brass spike, which stuck up
above his head like a horn, giving
him the appearance of a unicorn.
When the flames broke out through
the second story and cast a lurid
hue over the surrounding buildings
the view was one never to be forgot-
ten. At a late hour the sight soon

went home, and all felt that they
had passed an evening full of interest
and excitement.

The "editress" had unconsciously
hit off a splendid bit of "feature"
work, but it was in Kansas; and the
editor cut short his vacation to put
an end to the only thing that made
his paper worth reading.

The Lethbridge Herald is informed
that the site for the Provincial jail
has been located, consisting of eighty
acres on the west side of the Mc-
Donnell farm, about two and a half
miles east of Lethbridge and near
the Dominion Experimental Farm.

J. W. Stafford, who has been
acting as temporary Dominion Lands
Agent at Lethbridge since the pro-
motion of J. W. Martin to an inspec-
torship, has received notice of his
permanent appointment.

St. Aidan's Church, Clarendon, was
dedicated by Bishop Pinkham on
July 17 and Rev. A. A. Cramp in-
ducted into the incumbency.

The Seventh Day Adventists have
bought a quarter section, two miles
west of Leduc, owned by Willis
Brown, and will proceed at once to
establish an industrial school and
agricultural college. The price paid
for the quarter was \$4000. Several
other towns along the line offered
special inducements, says the Leduc
Representative. Brown offered
\$1000 bonus, but the choice was
made in preference to the bonus.

A. J. Richards, provincial inspec-
tor of telephones, was in Leduc last
week and informed The Representa-
tive that the Provincial Govt. had
purchased the old local line to Ed-
monton, and would place it in
proper repair at once. A business
phone will cost \$24, and a house
phone \$16, but it is the intention to
lower these rates as soon as the
revenue will permit. Over thirty
business men were obtained as sub-
scribers.

PROGRESS

The Northern Bank commenced business on Nov. 8th, 1905,
with a Paid-up Capital of \$250,000, and on Dec. 31st, 1905—less
than 14 months—Paid-up Capital amounted to \$1,130,000 and the
bank had a Reserve Fund of \$50,000, Deposits of \$4,158,000 and
Assets amounting to \$5,270,000. On July 1st, 1907—after less
than 20 months' business—the bank paid its first half-yearly
dividend of 5 per cent. per annum.

THE NORTHERN BANK

A Western Bank for Western People

A. SCOTT, LOCAL MANAGER, EDMONTON.

THE R. HOCKLEY CO. LIMITED

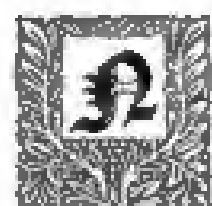
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yourself.

The Saturday News

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THE LOUNGER

A tourist who was travelling in a remote part of Scotland exclaimed to one of the natives:

"Why, what do you do when any one of you are ill? You can never get a doctor."

"Nae, sir," replied Sandy, "we've to die a natural death."

The story is recalled to me by reading in a newspaper the other day a report of a speech by that eminent surgeon, who operated on the King just before his coronation, Sir Frederick Treves, in which he declared that the time was not far distant when the bottles on doctors' shelves would be reduced to a very small number. Resort would be had to simple living, simple diet, and plenty of sun and fresh air. He looked forward to the time when people would leave off the extraordinary habit of taking medicine when they were sick.

Referring to the discoveries in bacteriological science and the great results achieved in the reduction of the mortality from infectious diseases, Sir Frederick said that he looked forward to the time when it would be as anomalous for persons to die of scarlet fever, typhoid, cholera, and diphtheria, as it would be for a man to die of a wolf's bite in England.

Just five years ago the present month the King was recovering from his illness, the delayed coronation taking place on August 9th. Thanksgiving services were being held all over England. In one rural parish the worthy clergyman dwelt upon the serious nature of the malady, from which the sovereign had been suffering. "And now," he said in conclusion, "let us join in singing Hymn No. 48, 'Peace, perfect Peace'—in the appendix."

An American professor is on trial at Karlsruhe, Germany, charged with killing his mother-in-law. Doubtless he read the comic papers and considered he was committing no crime.

It is related of a well-known Albertan that when he was in Rome not long ago he paid \$20 for a genuine "lock of Nero's hair." On coming home he looked up the Encyclopedia Americana, another purchase of recent date, and discovered that Nero was bald!

A movement has started in Calgary to study the new language called "Esperanto," as if we hadn't enough languages in Alberta already. One of them was just imported this year too, with professional baseball. Here are some choice examples, culled from newspapers that use it extensively:

"Benny hit a weak and nervous roller to Baker, who stabbed at it."

"The two men on buses were tearing around like terrors filled with bird-shot."

"Morrison was throwing the mud head high as he ploughed."

"Liam gathered the damp horsehide and checked it."

"A convulsive grasp and Russell had it."

"The folding on both sides was green, with saffron touches."

"The signal to turn the electricity on was made by White."

"Sykes bored it through to left."

"Totman and McLean grabbed the bounding atmosphere."

"Grimes and Ford got demerits for seizing their left feet."

"Robby tried a damp sling."

Did Mark Twain when he was talking to King Edward steal one of the jokes of the late Artemus Ward, to whom I had occasion to refer at length last week? Or is the culprit some newspaper man who wanted to make a good story? Mark is reported to have made a proposition to His Majesty for the purchase of Windsor Castle. Artemus made a similar proposition in connection with the British Museum.

But the American humorist has said some very clever things during his stay in England and the verbiage reports of his speeches in the Times make excellent reading. Here is part of that before the Pilgrim Club, which I think not half bad:

"My books have had effects, and very good ones, too, here and there, and some others are not so good," he said, "There is no doubt about that. But I remember one monumental instance of it years and years ago. Professor Norton of Harvard was over here, and when he came back to Boston I went out with Howells to call on him. Norton was allied in some way by marriage with Darwin. Mr. Norton was very gentle in what he had to say, and almost delicate, and he said: 'Mr. Clemens,

I have been spending some time with Mr. Darwin in England, and I should like to tell you something connected with that visit. You were the object of it, and I myself have been very proud of it. At any rate, I am going to tell you what it was, and to leave you to regard it as you please. Mr. Darwin took me up to his bedroom and pointed out certain things there—pithier plants, and so on, that he was measuring and watching from day to day—and he said, 'The chambermaid is permitted to do what she pleases in this room, but she must never touch those plants and never touch those books on that table by that candle. With those books I read myself to sleep every night.' Those were your books." (Laughter and cheers.) I said "There is no question to my mind as to whether I should regard that as a compliment or not. I do regard it as a very great honor that that great mind, laboring for the whole human race, should rest itself on my books. I am proud that he should read himself to sleep with them." I could not keep that to myself—I was so proud of it. As soon as I got home to Hartford I called on my oldest friend—and dearest enemy on occasion (laughter)—the Rev. Joseph Twitchell, my pastor, and I told him about that, and, of course, he was full of interest and venom. (Laughter.) Those people who get so complimentary like that feel like that. (Laughter.) He went off. He did not issue any apoplexy of any kind, and I did not hear of that subject for some time. But when Mr. Darwin passed away from this life, and some time after Darwin's Life and Letters came out, the Rev. Mr. Twitchell procured an early copy of that work and found something in it which he considered applied to me. He came over to my house—it was snowing, raining, sleeting, but that did not make any difference to Twitchell. He procured the book, and turned over and over until he came to a certain place, when he said, 'Here, look at this letter from Mr. Darwin to Sir Joseph Hooker.' What Mr. Darwin said—I give you the idea and not the very words—was this: I do not know whether I ought to have devoted my whole life to these drudgeries in natural history and the other sciences or not, for while I may have gained in one way I have lost in another. Once I had a fine perception and appreciation of high literature but in me that quality is atrophied. 'That was the reason,' said Mr. Twitchell, 'he was reading your books.' (Laughter.)

SAVED THE SITUATION.

She raised her head from his shoulder for a moment.

"Do you believe that exercise and lotion and toilet preparations will improve a woman's looks?" she asked.

He pressed her blond curls back upon his chest.

"They couldn't improve the looks of some women," he said.

"Whom?" she asked.

"Well, yours and Violet Cochran's," for instance," he replied thoughtfully.

"I don't understand you," she said, raising her head for the second time and chilling him with a look. "We are not at all alike."

"I mean," he replied, turning her head for a second time, and thinking quickly, "that your looks couldn't be improved because they are perfect as they are, and that hers couldn't be improved because no amount of work could make her pretty."

And the brilliant Richard knowingly and she sighed a great sigh of contentment and relief, while he drew a deep breath.

THE COMING STORM.

Billy ran from the head of the stairs where he had taken in the plot of the talk at the dining table below.

In the nursery he found his younger brother.

"Gee, Jimmy," he cried, "mother's goin' to give it to daddy after the company's gone."

"How do you know?" demanded Jimmy.

"Why," answered Billy, "he's told her three times how runnin' she was mistaken about somethin', and she only said, 'Why, darlin'.'—Philadelphian Ledger.

IN 1920.

(Bohemian).

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, I am wondering if you are An actual body granule.

Or a light along the Air Ship Line.

Two young girls were talking on the bus from Strathcona, when one of them said:

"The awfulest thing happened to me yesterday. Ben and I came over together on the bus and it was just crowded to suffocation. I was afraid I'd lose him, and so I just grabbed her hand and held on for dear life."

"When we were nearly to our destination, just fancy—I looked down, and it wasn't Ben's hand at all, but I was holding that of a young man whom I had never seen."

I dropped it, you can imagine, in an instant, saying, 'Oh, I've got the wrong hand!' when what do you suppose he answered—'Why, miss, you are perfectly welcome to the other if you will accept it.'"

Ground was broken at Medicine Hat last week for the handsome new building which the Cypress Club is erecting.

The Fincher Creek Echo is taking a vote to decide the new name which it is proposed to give that town.

GREAT SALE OF LADIES' COATS & BLOUSES at HUDSON'S BAY STORES

The Top Sale, The Main Sale, The Fore Sale of Edmonton

The whole of our remaining Stock of Ladies' Coats and Blouses are now being cleared at sensational prices to effect a speedy clearance.

These Coats which we are offering will be very suitable for Fall, as the styles are precisely the same and the cloth is quite heavy enough.

See our front window for bargains. Everything marked in plain figures.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

The Week in Calgary

As Reviewed by the Correspondent of the Saturday News

The Need for a Park Programme—The Caledonian's Victory—Twenty-eight Votes Cast on a \$50,000 By-law—Building Inspection.

Calgary has advanced to the stage where some attention is due and must be given to a system of parks and drives, if keen regret is to be saved in after years. A city of twenty-one thousand, growing as Calgary is, ought to adopt at once some comprehensive scheme for a city beautiful.

What has already been done is of some value. Of both Victoria and Mewata Parks something creditable may be made. They are of fair extent, and each has the advantage of situation beside a river. The view from both is beautiful. Already they are a decided contribution to the city's needs in this respect. St. George's Island, too, is a natural beauty spot, and with a very little trouble will be a resort to soothe and refresh the weary citizen, jaded from the toil and the heat and the weariness that accompany the miles of brick and stone walls and glistening cement walks among which he spends so much of his life.

But there are not enough. And there are in and about Calgary almost uncounted opportunities of development in this respect. Few cities in America, perhaps, possess a finer natural driveway than that along the north side of the Bow, from the Bow Marsh bridge down to St. George's Island and out the irrigation ditch. It would be easy to make the necessary reservations or expropriations now—later it will be a much more costly undertaking. With the west so selfish and grasping as it is, it is to be questioned if the work would be possible later on, when buildings may have been erected.

The city should engage the services of a competent landscape artist at once, to come and look over the city and submit a plan for a generous system of parks and driveways. Calgary needs them, and everybody knows it. It would not be necessary to have the whole work done at once. But let us have the plan, adopted and ratified, and then let the city, with the matter in the hands of a competent parks committee, take yearly steps towards the realization of the scheme.

The "Act respecting the taxation of corporations and others" has aroused a good deal of attention, and almost as much opposition. Some there are, of course, who boldly defend the rather unique piece of legislation.

In no case is the tax an exorbitant one. Nor does anyone point out that the principle of the bill is wrong, or that the tax, compared with that on other lines of commerce is anything less than a step in the direction of removing invidious distinctions.

The whole objection, the one which the opponents are using with telling effect, is that it will restrict investment. Of this there can be no doubt. And that, in the condition of Alberta at the present time, ought to be sufficient reason for either the repeal or modification of the bill. Alberta must have all the money it can get, and even though legislation is sound in principle, if it is untimely, it should not be perpetuated.

The Forest City's latest disaster given a timely warning to the cities of the west. The loss of life in this instance is appalling: in the similar disaster of a few years ago it was even more awful. Everybody who saw the wreck of the London city hall is pretty thoroughly convinced that greater care in construction and maintenance might have avoided the trouble. The same is probably true of this latest horror. The building inspectors of any city should be thoroughly competent, expert men, and absolutely fearless and uncompromising in the discharge of their duties. Buildings have been allowed to go up in the heart of Calgary this year which are not properly

built. It is to be hoped that this city will not have to experience a calamity similar to those which have visited London, Ontario, before the necessity of thorough care in building operations is impressed upon its citizens.

The Alpine Club of Canada has had another very successful outing. It seems bound to maintain its popularity, and to increase it, as the years go by. Its appeal lies largely in the complete change of conditions which its outings afford to the city dwellers. The latent love for primitive conditions which long years of civilization has failed to stifle altogether is satisfied, and the work of unconventionality sends back those who experience it with more of content to the rules and regulations of modern life. But the charm of the mountains is the great attraction. Those who have been once want to go back to climb to the heights, and, looking out, grasp the hugeness and the eternity of what greets their vision.

Calgary is doing well in the line of amateur sport. The Caledonian team, in winning the amateur championship of Canada in association football, has achieved a victory which is well worthy of the reputation with which it was greeted. Much of the credit for the accomplishment is due to Dr. Ings, the enthusiastic president of the club, who has been indefatigable in his encouragement of amateur athletics in Calgary. It seems probable that this victory, and the laurels which Burns has won, will prove a sufficient stimulus to ensure a widespread appreciation of athletics in Calgary. Next year suitable grounds are promised by the city, and it is proposed to form a Calgary Amateur Athletic Association. Money and care spent in this direction are placed in worthy channels.

With the reflection that was made on professional sport by one of the speakers at the Caledonian banquet, however, the writer has no sympathy. That "amateur sport" is the only true sport" is a statement which may appeal to some, and does, but which will not stand unprejudiced reflection.

Professional athletics is the logical development, the post graduate course, of the amateur. The world will not stand still, in the realm of athletics or any other, professional in sport is the inevitable outcome of development therein, just as evolution in any other line of the world's activities is followed by specialization and by paid specialists. If soccer football were as highly developed a game as baseball, demanding the same alertness of intellect and accuracy of head and arm and eye, and made as great an appeal to the temperament of this new world people, we should have had professionalization therein long ago. Football is a great game demanding powers of endurance which are always admirable, but it will do it no good, and do true athletics no good, to enact it beyond its place, and to say that because amateurism rules there in it must dominate in all other sport.

The board of education are to be congratulated on securing the services of Mr. A.C. Newcombe, late registrar of McMaster University, as classical master. Mr. Newcombe is an accomplished scholar, a successful teacher, and in the discharge of the difficult duties of registrar of a university has proved himself to possess in a high degree the necessary qualities of an efficient administrator. With similar selections, the success of Calgary's high school is assured.

Twenty-eight votes on a \$50,000 bylaw in a city of over twenty-one thousand people is funny, isn't it? And when you remember that thirteen out of the twenty-eight were cast by civic officials the element of ludicrousness becomes very prominent.

William Atkins, a well-known farmer living to the west of Red Deer, died very suddenly while out in his farm yard on Wednesday of last week.

S. M. Carscallen has been chosen president of the Red Deer Memorial Hospital in place of the late Dr. Gaetz. W. C. W. Fortune and F. W. Galbraith have been chosen directors in place of L. C. Palmer, resigned and Dr. Gaetz.

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The "Benny Spot" of Strathcona

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LOTS from \$100 to \$250

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DON'T BE TOO LATE if you wish to get in on the ground floor.

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We have made a slash at the prices on our Ladies'

White Muslin and Lawn Blouses

We can give you a real nice one at 45c, or if you prefer a little better one, take one at 75c or 85c or \$1.15 or \$1.25 and on up to \$3.95.

These are all Blouses of this year's make and were selling regularly at from 65c to \$6.00. We have them in all sizes and would ask you to take a look at our east window.

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About Town.

Fire did \$25,000 damage in the frame block at the north-west corner of Third and Jasper, Edmonton, on Sunday morning. The blaze started from an explosion. It is thought, in Morton's Cafe, which was completely gutted. R. Price Inglis, grocer, J. O. Lewis, baker; Ireland Brothers, jewellers, and the Parisian millinery store, all suffered severely. The Kevin Opera House and the Cameron Opera House, both of which are in the block escaped with comparatively slight loss. The owner of the building is J. H. Watts.

T. J. Walsh has been appointed customs officer at Strathcona.

Joseph Ryan was taken into custody this week on a horse stealing charge preferred by John Norris.

Word has been received that judgment has been reserved by the Privy Council in the Russian church case, which is being contested by the Greek orthodox and the Greek Catholic bodies. Wm. Short R.C., went to London in connection with the suit. C. de W. Macdonald R.C. was unable to make the trip on account of ill-health.

The Westward Ho Chapter Daughters of the Empire have written the Edmonton council offering an ambulance for the use of the city on the condition that no patients afflicted with contagious diseases should be carried in it. The offer has been accepted and the council has expressed its thanks to the order for their gift.

The first logs since the flood came down the river last week and the sawmills are again in operation. It is expected that the privilege of cutting timber on government lands will be accorded very shortly.

W. Beecher Smith delivered an address on Sunday afternoon in the First Baptist Church in connection with the immigration work which the Y.M.C.A. is conducting in England.

The delivery of the gas producer plant recently purchased by Edmonton has been delayed till next year. To meet the requirements of the coming winter, the commissioners have decided to use the engine at Walter's mill on the north side of the river, at the same time availing themselves of the surplus power to be obtained from Strathcona.

On Saturday afternoon the cash box at Sanderson and Bullen's, photographers studio in the post office block was robbed of \$67 in bills and silver.

The investigation into the charges against Alii Macaulay commenced on Friday afternoon before Justice Scott.

The charge against Frank Mikota of shooting Charles Semerak in the latter's house on July 4th is proceeding before the magistrate.

The executive of the Improvement Society will meet in the Board of Trade rooms on Monday at 4.30 to consider the advisability of holding a horticultural exhibition in the city.

The corner stone of the Oddfellows' Temple in Strathcona will be laid next Wednesday at 2.30 p.m., by Grand Master Alex May. A half-holiday has been proclaimed across the river.

Dr. Pickering has resigned his post as veterinary inspector for Edmonton. Friction with the medical health officer is said to be responsible.

Mr. Sheriff Van Wart, the president, and Mr. Johnson, the manager of the Alberta Racquet Company, Calgary, were in Edmonton on Thursday in connection with the branch, which the company proposes to establish in the city.

Mrs. F. C. Brown, deputy Supreme Chief of the Pythian Sisters, has been in Edmonton this week in connection with a movement to organize a temple of the sisterhood in the city. At a meeting on Monday night an excellent start was made.

J. Morton, the well-known proprietor of the Morton Cafe announces that he will be in his new premises in the new Magnath, Hart and Co. arcade about the 1st August.

A picnic, under the auspices of the Viking District Band, was held on the G.T.P. township, south of Viking on Friday last, July 10th. There was a large gathering at the opening in the forenoon, when speeches were made by J. B. Holden M.P.P., Mosser Horton, editor of Vegreville Observer and Basil Hilliker, landmaster. The programme in the afternoon consisted of horse racing and a baseball match between Viking and Hurry. After a game of 9 innings the home team pulled off the victory by a score of 25 to 20. In the evening a football match between Viking and G.T.P. survey party resulted in a win for the G.T.P. boys, the score being 1-0. The Viking District Band gave selections at intervals throughout the day, and considering it is less than three months since its formation the band is to be congratulated on the progress made, due in no small measure to able conductor Mr. Basil Hilliker. Dancing commenced at 8 p.m., and continued until the early hours of Saturday morning. Everything was a huge success and the band boys are looking forward to a substantial margin.

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We are holding a sale of Men's Wearing Apparel representing three departments - Men's Furnishings, Men's Clothing and Men's Boots and Shoes.

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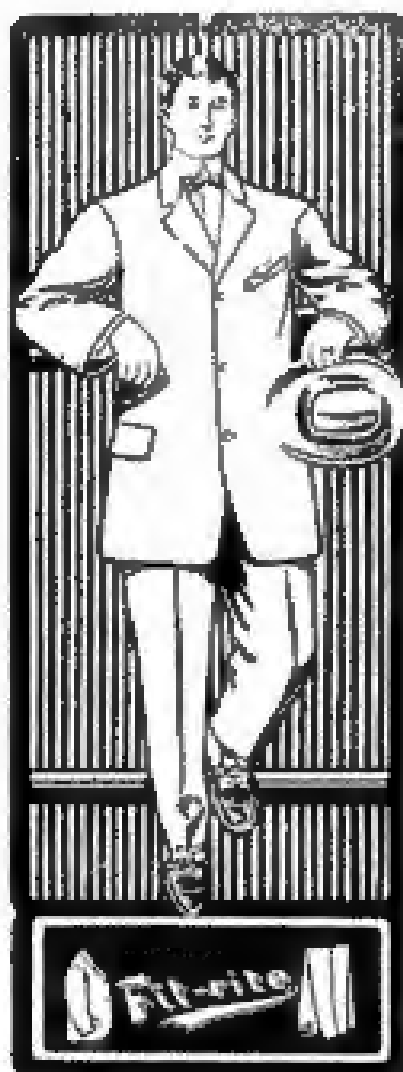
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